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SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1865.

THE OXFORD TESTS BILL.

IS our Protestant Constitution really based on profane swearing? Cannot a man loyally serve his country without indulging in oaths? These questions seem too silly to deserve notice, far less an answer. Yet the propositions implied in them have received hearty support. Even those who admit the uselessness of oaths as tests of loyalty, have gravely asserted that certain oaths must be retained on account of their historical associations. We profess to be wiser than our forefathers. We declare that they sanctioned many enactments which were useless at the time, and are injurious now. Mr. Disraeli cheerfully grants all this, yet, in the same breath, he calls upon us to respect their memories by perpetuating their blunders.

Fortunately, the counsel of Mr. Disraeli has been disregarded, and there is a great likelihood that the Roman Catholic members of Parliament will not be insulted in future by being called upon to take oaths which, being devised to annoy them, have fully answered the expectations of their framers. Strangely enough, Mr. Disraeli's great rival has fallen into a kindred error. Although he has broken with the Peelite party, and has ostentatiously advocated some of the extreme doctrines of the Radicals, Mr. Gladstone has not yet made up his mind to stand forth as the champion of the party of progress. He has crossed the Rubicon; but shrinks from marching upon Rome. His mind is still warped by his early training. In his eyes, the State is almost synonymous with the Church. The reasons he assigned for refusing to vote for the abolition of tests are among the most extraordinary ever advanced in Parliament. He said that had Mr. Dodson moved the second reading of the Bill in the same words that he used on a similar occasion last year, he would have voted for it. Because Mr. Goschen did not repeat Mr. Dodson's speech, therefore the Bill ought to be rejected by its former supporters! We are afraid that a not unnatural desire to continue to represent the University of Oxford really prompted Mr. Gladstone to speak and act as he did. Notwithstanding his speech, he may lose his seat. He has not shown himself sufficiently illiberal to propitiate his opponents. His supporters, on the other hand, cannot fail to be disgusted with his Toryism. The result may be one which we shall not regret; the defeat of Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, and his election for South Lancashire. Were this to happen, Oxford would lose an able representative, and the nation might gain a more consistent statesman.

The question raised during the recent debate on the Bill for abolishing tests at Oxford virtually resolves itself into this: Ought the University of Oxford to be a place for the education of the nation at large, or merely a Protestant Maynooth, a training school for priests? At present it is the latter. Those who are not members of the Church of England are now regarded at Oxford in the same light as Europeans are regarded by the Chinese. The University plumes itself on being the nursing-mother of the Church of England. Surely it is no reflection on that Church to maintain that if she cannot exist without Dissenters being treated at Oxford as

Pariahs, then her condition is highly unsatisfactory. It is alleged that there is no illiberality in maintaining the tests which exclude Dissenters from taking their degrees, and obtaining seats in Convocation. They are told, if they value such things at all, let them obtain them in the appointed way. Two courses are open to them. They may either retain their convictions, undergo the tests, and perjure themselves; or else renounce their convictions, join the Church, and reap the wished-for reward. Both of these plans may be easily adopted. We trust they have never been practically tested by those who approve of them. In addition to other reasons, they have this in their favour, that those Dissenters who embraced either of them would be capital butts for the scorn and sarcasm of earnest and conscientious Churchmen.

Starting from the simple proposition that Oxford exists for the advantage of England, we maintain that whatever arrangements at the University may counteract that benefit are vicious, and ought to be altered. What, then, is the nature of the injury wrought by the present system, and what is the remedy by which it can be cured? The injury is to make of those who are now educated there, a body distinct from their fellow countrymen. They are very gentlemanly in demeanour; indeed, all University men are perfect gentlemen, but unhappily they are woefully devoid of that wisdom which, though derived from the serpent, is an essential requisite for doing good in this world. By lack of wisdom we do not mean deficiency in learning. Learning, indeed, when alloyed with prejudice, is the most dangerous acquisition which a man can make. Oxford men are learned enough; but they are disposed to look with great contempt on those who differ from themselves concerning theological topics.

We have assumed that learning and orthodoxy go hand in hand. But this may be a mistake. It is not absolutely necessary to be an attached member of the Church of England in order to understand the full force of Greek particles, or to be a thorough master of Latin quantities. The more ignorant some Christians are, "the more certain do they feel of having been effectually called." They dread, as stumbling-blocks in their heavenward course, all incentives to attain worldly distinctions. If they can read their English Bible, they are satisfied to forego all knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek original. Are men who so think to be stigmatized as miserable hypocrites? Certainly not. We are bound to respect them, as much as we are those who maintain as their honest conviction that subscription to the Articles is an indispensable qualification for teaching sound doctrines. In either case, we may question the soundness of the logic; but in neither are we justified in casting a doubt on the sincerity of the speaker. We may fairly ask, however, how we are to reconcile these jarring opinions, in what way we are to harmonize the uncompromising view of the saint with that of the Churchman? Not unjustly may we conclude that each is justly entitled to espouse his own side, to promulgate his own theories, to live after his fashion, and to induce others to imitate his example. But just as we surrender all right to

compel the two to agree, and should strive to allow both to live undisturbed and untrammelled, so ought we to feel bound to require that each should refrain from persecuting the other. Now, for the Churchman to say to the Dissenter, "There are certain posts to which you aspire, but which you shall not occupy till you profess your entire concurrence with me," is to indulge in persecution, all the more bitter because it is unavowed. What is more to be lamented than the injury so wrought, is the injustice thus perpetrated. Those who shut the door upon the admission of Dissenters to posts of honour, tell them that they cannot "write like gentlemen," and take care that the opportunity for learning to do so shall be denied to them. We know very well that Dissenters may now be educated at Oxford. It is expected of them, however, that they should go and spend there the most valuable portion of their lives, without any inducement in the shape of a prize as the crown of their toil. Now, in asking them to toil and forego the reward, Churchmen do them an unintentional honour. They know that members of the Church would not be attracted to the University were there no fellowships to hold, or posts of dignity to fill. Dissenters, it is virtually admitted, are made of sterner stuff. For them the toil is delight; the honours, empty toys. Sound learning, in their case, is to be its own reward. This is more flattering than satisfactory.

The imposition of tests does even greater harm than to prevent Dissenters from entering the University on terms of equality with Churchmen. To the latter, a fellowship, of which the price is a declaration of adhesion to certain propositions, may be a prize too dearly purchased. The renunciation of the right of private judgment, which is implied in subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, is a fearful sacrifice. It is also a stigma on the truth of the doctrines in question. If certain formulas and phrases contain the essence of truth, why make it compulsory to assent to them? No man would hesitate to sign anything which he knew to be indubitable. No man ought to be called upon to pledge himself to anything which is open to question. As it is, subscription is regarded by many Churchmen as an unpleasant but indispensable duty. They reluctantly take a test, as children swallow physic, not because they like it, but because assured it will do them good.

We have decided, as a nation, that trade shall be unshackled. A policy of independence has been substituted for one of protection. Let us be logical as well as just, and proclaim that, in England, men who think, shall henceforward be as free as men who trade. Reforms as needful as those in the mode of electing representatives for Parliament, are required in the method of training those who represent England among the nations of the world. Men educated to entertain sectarian views, and to respect prejudices merely because they are ancient, can do no honour to Oxford, and are of no benefit to England. Notwithstanding the artificial impediments in their path, there are men at Oxford who even now boldly proclaim what they firmly believe to be true. Yet a little longer, and we may see that University exercising its whole influence on behalf of whatever is enlightened in thought and action. Having the interests

of the University at heart, we demand the abolition of Tests, in order that Truth may prevail.

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LIKE Thomas Chalmers, whom in many respects he resembled, Alexander Vinet was much more a man of action than a man of thought. The one, like the other, with an earnest and noble nature, and with rapid and comprehensive sympathies, was incapable of rising to the conception and appreciation of catholic truth. In both we behold a provincial narrowness, a sectarian exclusiveness and shallowness, a tendency to confound the common and the popular with the eternal and sublime. Chalmers had the more massive, Vinet the more athletic, character. Vinet, the gladiator, excelled in single combat; Chalmers, the agitator, could be the leader of an army. While Chalmers was a Scottish Luther, without Luther's learning or originality, Vinet was a Swiss Calvin, without Calvin's systematic power and inexorable antipathies.

It was only as an orator that Vinet was pre-eminent. Since the days of Saurin, no abler, no more accomplished speaker has adorned and animated the French Protestant pulpit. His eloquence was what all genuine eloquence should be—fulminating, invincible demonstration, logic rushing triumphantly along till the chariot wheels blaze. The discourses of Vinet are masterpieces of dialectical force and skill. What is called unction they possess only in a small degree; they convince, they do not persuade. There is no opulence of idea, but there is admirable elevation of sentiment. Vinet and Lacordaire might almost be considered the last of the great pulpit orators. With Robert Hall, Edward Irving, and Thomas Chalmers, pulpit eloquence expired among ourselves; with Vinet and Lacordaire it expired on the Continent. When, a few years ago, the tomb closed over Lacordaire, one of the divinest arts was buried with him, and we may long look in vain for its resurrection. Lacordaire, however, was a more natural orator than Vinet; he surpassed him in grace, in spontaneousness, in elasticity; with improvisatorial fascinations, he magnificently achieved what Vinet sometimes unsuccessfully attempted with Demosthenic vigour. Certain theatrical attitudes and utterances, also, if in themselves objectionable and offensive, were in harmony with the pomp, the lavish life, the profuse colour, of the Roman Catholic Church. The Catholic preacher addresses a multitude which has been melted into unity by gorgeous ceremonies; the Protestant preacher appeals to each individual in an audience. It is to the imagination and the heart that the former, it is to the conscience that the latter, speaks. There is no pathos, scarcely any passion, in Vinet's discourses; they show man what duties he, as a being both moral and reasonable, has to fulfil, and, disregarding emotions, they array before him motives. Their chief fault is their superlative and painful elaboration, their want of ease; artistically, they are so perfect that the perfection fatigues us. As works of art, the most finished, the most sculptural, of all discourses are those of Massillon. But it is impossible to read more than a few pages of Massillon without weariness. In the same way, the discourses of Vinet oppress us by their marvellous completeness and symmetry. Along, also, with a sort of military stiffness, as of soldiers, never comfortable when off parade, there is in the pulpit harangues of Vinet a lawyerlike ambition to make out a case, as if, a dogma proved, all else inevitably followed. It is not thus that the world is converted, conquered. As a preacher, Vinet could make the enlightened purer, better;

out for the mass of men, with their sins and sorrows, his voice was dumb. Indeed, French preaching of the highest order is only fitted for a supremely intellectual class. Though the French have had Bridaine and Reguis, no less than Bossuet and Bourdaloue, it is in other lands than France that we must seek Whitfields and Wesleys.

A preacher of extraordinary gifts, Vinet had the aspiration to be something much more—a critic and a philosopher. Now, a man of such eminent endowments, and of such thorough culture, could not write anything absolutely worthless; if the substance was feeble or commonplace, there was always the charm of the style—a style marked by energy, lucidity, rapidity, point. But Vinet had not genius, grasp, knowledge, geniality enough to be a great critic, and he was not profound enough to be a philosopher, even in the most subordinate sense. As a critic he was a stylist, attempting to test everything by style, not seeing that a splendid stylist—a Chateaubriand, for example—may often be a very inferior writer. It was principally with French models that Vinet was acquainted; it was only French models, and those of a particular school, that he was capable of admiring or inclined to imitate. His literary judgments were all of the conventional kind. In France, spite of the rebellion and the victories of so-called Romanticism, there is still, perhaps there will always be, a literary despotism. The age of Louis XIV.—the age of sonorous and majestic phrases—is, for the French, the ideal, the classical period. Acrid and arid Laharpe's authority is ridiculed; nevertheless, it is obeyed. A rhetorical people by nature, the French grew, through the influence of the seventeenth century, a hundredfold more rhetorical, so that no Frenchman can speak forgetful of the rhetorical form. Poetry or prose is, for the French, phrasemaking; and M. Taine and the other iconoclasts cannot abstain from phrasemaking, even when fiercely sneering thereat. Vinet had all the literary crochets, credulities, and superstitions of France. Logician, rhetorician, he was indifferent to whatsoever had not a logical directness and stringency, and a rhetorical mould. The simple beauty of ancient literature, the prodigious opulence and variety of modern literature, alike escaped him. Now every French writer who is enslaved by certain modes of expression, is likewise enslaved by certain modes of thought. You can, as an Englishman, delight in Shakespeare without being a believer in the Baconian philosophy, or thinking Bacon the divinest of sages. But a Frenchman who is dominated by the demon of stylism, deems his homage to meretricious speech a reason for submission to the infallibility of Descartes and Pascal. In the fragments published after his death, Pascal said half-a-dozen very notable things; but it is rather from their moral elevation than from their mental depth or power, that the best utterances of Pascal command our attention. For Vinet, there seemed only to be three realities in the universe—Stylism, Pascal, and the Evangel of John Calvin, modified, perhaps not improved, to suit modern necessities; hence an inevitable monotony and poverty in the productions of Alexander Vinet. The same scanty repast, always served up on the most magnificent plate, becomes the scantier from that very magnificence. With regard to how many French writers could we say, as of Vinet, that the banquet would be perfect if there were anything to eat and drink!

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Suggestive, sometimes analogical, seldom scientific, systematic, are English Thinkers.

Gnomical was the best Greek Thought, the best Hebrew Thought; Gnomical is Oriental Thought.

Scientific, systematic Thought is the prerogative of no nation. There are simply scientific, systematic Thinkers; Mr. John Stuart Mill being the most eminent living type.

Now it would be less correct to say that it is easy to get an anthology from gnomical thought, than that it is itself anthological.

From suggestive thought, the thought of a Bacon—from analogical thought, the thought of a Richter or a Jeremy Taylor—anthologies spontaneously flow. But from strictly scientific, systematic thought, and especially from rigidly logical thought, what of anthological can you obtain? Elsewhere must choice flowers be sought.

No analogical, no suggestive, no gnomical, no systematic, scientific, but an intensely logical thinker, Vinet could not and did not write books abounding in ideas. Brilliant rhetoric, darting along complete chains of reasoning—that is what we encounter in his productions. But, break the links of each chain, you destroy the power and the fascination. It is unjust toward an author like Vinet to make extracts from his pages, except as specimens of argument or eloquence, because the value and interest are not in the thought, and because the thought, if commonplace, looks, when shivered into fragments, more commonplace than it is. We do not learn much by being informed that "too often an unhappy childhood is the prelude and presage of a sad maturity;" that "storms in the atmosphere are not more necessary in the economy of the globe than storms of thought in human society;" that "a public feeling, if it be but a sincere feeling, is always worthy of respect," and so on. Yet such extremely obvious truisms, though wearisome when crowding on us, as portions of an anthology, may have been indispensable in their natural place. If, however, we are condemned to peruse an anthology, consisting chiefly of trivialities, why should the trivialities be classified in the most artificial manner—as if they formed an organic whole? The arbitrary arrangement, the divisions and subdivisions, would, in the case before us, repel, even if the six hundred and forty pages were pure gold, instead of very ordinary brass. Presented by the editor as, at once, a cyclopædia and a compendium of human wisdom, the volume has a pretentiousness for which Vinet should not be held accountable, and which does signal wrong to his memory.

Making ample allowance for the harm inflicted on Vinet by the folly of the editor, we yet are unable to praise almost anything in this volume, but the elevation of tone and the impetuous march. The book rouses by its heroic clangor; braces by its heroic pith. Himself an athlete, Vinet helps us to be athletic. But the nourishment is as meagre as the discipline is perfect. Instructing us in very varied gymnastical exercises, Vinet does not refuse us the oil and sand to rub our limbs with; but we ask him in vain for even a cup of cold water or a morsel of bread. A few paradoxes relieve, in the "Outlines of Philosophy and Literature," a desert of platitudes. If a platitude were only a dull and stupid thing, we might bear it with a certain amount of resignation. Generally, however, a platitude is a fallacy; and a dunce, simply as a dunce, is a sophist without knowing it. The bore passes for the most innocent creature in the world; but every bore propagates, though he may not originate, a thousand falsehoods. Vinet's platitudes were not those of the dunce or the

bore; they were platitudes, nevertheless. He lived in a region of transcendental platitudes, and, consequently, of transcendental fallacies. One of the platitudes, that is to say, one of the fallacies, to which he consecrated the fieriest zeal of his generous mind, is, that Church and State should be absolutely independent of each other, and that the violation of this independence is a grievous sin, an unspeakable misfortune. Superficially regarded, a good deal might be said for this notion. If, in public affairs, or in the religious life, abstinence and purity were the divinest excellences, doubtless it would be right to keep the Church and the State pedantically severed from each other. But purity and abstinence are small things compared to fulness, richness, and fecundity of being; so that the Church and the State can never be too completely, too essentially, too harmoniously one! Again, Vinet, carried away by the genius of platitude, repeats, in extravagant and enthusiastic terms, all the old nonsense about the blessings of poverty. Now, if poverty has blessings so enormous and numerous, it is curious that the poor themselves should be totally unconscious of them. We never knew a poor man who was not glad to escape from poverty, its heavy burdens, its squalors, its miseries, its temptations. Poverty by itself is an unmitigated evil; how many vices, how many crimes, can be traced to it alone! The positive delights, and the immense compensations, of poverty which Vinet so fervently pictures, are pure inventions. If poverty is rapture, then pauperism, which is the excess of poverty, ought to be more than angelic joy; yet the wretched paupers are ungrateful enough not to cherish a beautiful and exalted faith in pauperism. We call poverty the feverish fight for bread, the perpetual anxiety about the means of subsistence; and how that fight, that anxiety, can be favourable to the heavenly graces, we confess our inability to see. Material comfort is the basis of moral strength and growth, though the idolatry of comfort, now so common, may be a curse. That many of the working classes are as happy as their rich neighbours, or happier, is undeniable; but those of the working classes of whom this is predicated receive high wages, are in vigorous health, are economical and prudent, and cannot, except by a gross misuse of language, be called the poor. It is surely to the extinction, as far as possible, of poverty, that all wise and beneficent legislation tends.

We are almost ashamed to refute platitudes so preposterous, but as similar platitudes make up the bulk of the volume, we could not well refrain from showing the reader the kind of entertainment provided for him in Vinet's book—a book which, when not plitudinarian, is vague and declamatory, and which, from its abstractions and generalities, is unprofitable and unsuggestive. We have here to deal with a great soul that had not the nourishing companionship of an opulent intellect. From Vinet, history and human nature seemed alike to be hidden. He dogmatized and he theorized, but he had neither sight nor insight. Passionately he loved good, passionately he hated evil. Fruitless was the love, fruitless was the hatred—for thick was the veil of formulas between him and mankind. Prophet he might have been, but for an incurable tendency to play the pedagogue.

MODERN SATIRE.

Characters and Criticisms. A Book of Miscellanies. By James Hannay. (Nimmo.)

IF we may be allowed to compare men to towns, Mr. Hannay is a kind of literary Berwick-upon-Tweed. He belongs, that is to say in literature, neither exactly to England nor Scotland, but sometimes to one, and sometimes to the other. Like that remarkable town, he presents many anomalies. Though a Scotchman he possesses humour, and though a Tory is free from bigotry. Though a gentleman he can quote Greek aptly and accurately, and though a popular

author knows the Latin grammar. He is thus widely separated from the well-known mob, who write with anything but ease. Those who are acquainted with his previous works, cannot fail to remember the vivid descriptions both of sea and land, and the delicate vein of pathos in "Singleton Fontenoy," and the strong satiric touch and grasp of character in his "Satire and Satirists." And the question naturally arises how is it that, having done thus much, he has not done more? He belongs most certainly not to the average run of minds, but he also cannot be classed with the first-rate order. Epigrammatic without any straining, versatile without being verbose, original without being affected, he has somehow failed to make the impression which might have been expected on the age. The truth is, he has frittered away, almost wasted we would say, his really great powers. There is nothing of his to which we can point, and say it will live. All is promise. No doubt the kind of writing which he has adopted is very lucrative, but though it produces *æs*, is not *ære perennius*. The misfortune is doubly aggravated, because men of Mr. Hannay's stamp are so scarce. Nothing is so rare as humour. It is as rare and as precious as poetry itself. Our great satirist and humourist has lately passed away, and we can scarcely say of him that he performed the task which it was given him to do. We have our doubts whether Becky Sharpe will go down to posterity arm in arm with the great Don of Spain. The Pennilesses, Newcomes, and Warringtons have already the seeds of consumption sown in them. Only such sound constitutions as those of Strepsiades and Falstaffe, and Sporus and Tartuffe can stand the trying climate of immortality. Many a great reputation, not a century old, lies buried in that vast necropolis of authors, the British Museum Library, from which there is no resurrection.

Never was there a time more ripe for the satirist than the present. Never did society so need a Juvenal. The race for riches is fiercer than ever. The hells of St. James's have not ceased, but migrated in a body to the Epsom Downs and the Exchange. Look at our streets. Highwaymen went out with the coaches, but with the railways the era of highwaywomen began. At night down the Haymarket patrol Phryne and Lais, those modern Christians, *amicæ omnibus*. In the day through the Parks drive Aspasia and Anonyma, who cannot spell their last assumed names, and are never certain whether they are Mrs. or Miss, though they are neither. Are not these things food for satire? When jobbery is the business of life in high places, and wife-beating the amusement in low; when our noblemen at their *battues* turn themselves into amateur butchers; when Christianity relies upon Mr. Disraeli for its defence, the difficulty is not to write satire.

Take down Juvenal, and see how he reflects our age. He might have walked down Regent-street in an afternoon, or sat in the bay-windows of the Club-houses of Pall Mall, so modern are his descriptions. In the one, he might have seen how the languid dandy of our days

Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
Nec subferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ;
in the other

ad Circum jussas prostrare puellas.

He might have dined at the Mansion House, and feasted not indeed on the wild boar, but the turtle,

Animal propter convivium natum.

He might have attended at the exhibitions of the Brothers Davenport, and the Spiritualists and crystal-globe seers, where

Qualiacunque volunt Judæi somnia vendunt.

And lastly, he might have gone to the newspaper offices, and met editors and critics, wondering who of the latter could say

librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare.

These evils of modern society have more than once roused men in our days. The text of Tennyson's *Maud* was Juvenal's

Sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

But everything Tennyson had to say against the gangrene of modern society, produced, if indeed it be produced, by a long peace, had been far better said in one single speech by Beaumont and Fletcher. Here and there, too, in his earlier poems, we find him striking at the vices of modern life, and more lately in a little piece called *Sea-Dreams*. But he does it in a timid, apologetical sort of way, as if he was afraid of letting his left hand know what his right hand was writing. Recently, too, Mr. Austen brought out his "Season," but he harped to much on one string; and the Seventh Commandment, and all that is included by it, must be as religiously observed in England as the seventh day. Still more lately, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton produced his "St. Stephens," but when he attempts to wield the sword of the satirist, he simply cuts no one else but himself. In Mr. Hannay's present volume we are agreeably surprised to find some one who, in addition to a good caustic, prose style, can really use the measure of Pope and Dryden with effect. He gives us, it is true, but a short specimen. But this, coupled with the epigrams that are scattered up and down, shows such a mastery of metre, and such true satiric force, that it makes us wish for more. And yet, whilst saying this, we doubt whether Mr. Hannay is fitted for the task of being the satirist of the age. Thackeray wasted himself in sarcasms upon footmandom and the letter H. Mr. Hannay seems bent upon following his example. He never rises with the occasion. Though an Englishman in his reverence for the Constitution, he is a perfect American in his love for ancestry. He can never reach the *stemma quid faciunt* strain. With him the red hand and the blue blood make the hero. He could not admire an angel unless he was called Seymour or Percy. Only the grasshoppers are his friends. Nor does he at all understand, much more appreciate, the great movements of the day, nor any of those things which redeem us from the charge of utter frivolity. He hates Democracy. Demos is to him as greasy as to Aristophanes, and the man from the ranks is to him never more than a "sausage-seller." In religion, he aims no higher than breaking such a moth as Dr. Guthrie on the wheel; in politics, than bringing down such small game, or rather vermin, as obscure Chartists, or obscurer Scotch journalists.

This will never make, in the true sense of the word, a satirist. He must take far higher flights, and survey mankind from a higher ground, and feel something of that indignation which fired Juvenal and our own Pope. As it is, Mr. Hannay is too personal in his attacks, too ephemeral in his aims. Further, to borrow a metaphor from the prize-ring, he hits in a free slashing style, but it belongs too much to the old Gifford and Churchill school. He has not the science and neatness which Thackeray especially cultivated. The latter seemed always boxing with gloves on; the other two always hit with their naked fists, and sometimes even kick. And yet Mr. Hannay possesses advantages over his great contemporary. He never degenerates, as such masters as even Molière and Aristophanes, into mere farce. He possesses, too, what Thackeray in his best moments never had, a genuine vein of poetry, and so fulfils one of the high conditions of satire. For in satire *urtica proxima sæpe rosa est*.

We have thus spoken freely both of Mr. Hannay's merits and his shortcomings. If our remarks should give offence—and satirists are as thin-skinned as poets—we shall not be sorry, so long as they goad him into achieving something higher than he has yet achieved. If he will only falsify our forebodings, we shall be only too glad to welcome his success and acknowledge our mistake.

PREHISTORIC TIMES.

Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages. By John Lubbock, F.R.S. (Williams & Norgate.)

A SERIES of archaeological discoveries has recently been made, which bridge over the gulf between the oldest written history and the remote epoch of the drift, and furnish us with a connected mass of evidence, proving man's early existence, and indicating in outline the main steps of his advance towards civilization. In the volume now under review, Mr. Lubbock, who has long devoted himself to researches of this nature, has admirably condensed and arranged the whole of the evidence, by which we can trace man back from the period at which we find him involved in the obscurity of tradition, and can determine something of his habits, civilization, and mental and moral capacity in "Prehistoric Times." It is impossible, in the short space now at our command, to do more than indicate the various matters of the highest interest which are fully discussed, and give a brief sketch of the vast mass of facts and arguments which are presented to us in this work.

If we at first limit our inquiries to Europe, it is found that during the whole period of which we have any direct historical information men had iron weapons and iron implements. But the earliest Greek writers—Homer and Hesiod—speak of a time, remote even in their day, when iron had not been discovered and bronze was the metal in common use. In striking confirmation of these statements, the archaeologist finds that in all the Saxon or Roman tombs and battle-fields, the weapons and implements which he may discover are always made of iron, ornaments and utensils only being sometimes of bronze or of gold; and even in an old battle-field in Switzerland, where Greek coins alone were found, and there was no trace of Roman influence, swords, armour, and other articles of iron were discovered. When however the more ancient burial-places,—the cairns and tumuli of England, Ireland, Denmark, and other countries,—are opened, the weapons and implements which were buried with the dead, swords knives daggers and axes, are all of bronze, not a particle of iron being obtained in hundreds of such tombs which have been examined. Yet another set of somewhat similar tombs are however found, in which both bronze and iron are entirely absent, all weapons and cutting implements being of stone, chipped and ground with much ingenuity into the various forms required. As these distinct classes of remains are all found in the same countries, and as the cases in which iron and bronze or bronze and stone occur intermingled are very rare, we must suppose that they represent distinct periods of civilization; and, even without the analogy of the habits of modern savages, we could hardly help concluding that the stone weapons indicated an earlier, the bronze a later epoch. Archaeologists have therefore been for some time in the habit of using the terms, Iron, Bronze, and Stone ages as indicative of comparative antiquity; and Mr. Lubbock has given us an admirable *resumé* of the evidence, by which the accuracy and usefulness of this division appear to be well established. But the discoveries of rude flint instruments in the drift and in caves indicate a still earlier epoch, when man was in a yet more savage condition. The "Stone age" must therefore be divided into two periods, which Mr. Lubbock proposes to call the Palæolithic, or ancient, and Neolithic, or newer, Stone ages. In connexion with this part of the subject much varied and interesting information is given; the bronze and stone weapons are illustrated by excellent figures, the origin of the constituent metals of which bronze is composed is discussed, and the manufacture of stone weapons as practised by modern savages is explained. There are also some interesting remarks on the antiquity and probable use of some of our most

remarkable ancient British monuments; and the error of Mr. Fergusson in imputing to Abury and Stonehenge a post-Roman date is very well explained.

The detailed account of the examination of tumuli and other ancient burial-places, of the lake habitations of Switzerland, and of the kitchen-middens or shell-mounds of Denmark, Scotland, and other parts of the world, is throughout of deep interest. We are carried back, as it were, into a former world, of which neither history nor tradition has told us anything. Yet in these remains, when properly studied, we find a history written, which, though deficient in many details we should wish to know, is yet more trustworthy in what it does tell us than much which has been transmitted as direct human testimony. Compare, for instance, our knowledge of the Druids, about whom volumes have been written, and who lived, if at all, about two thousand years ago, with what we know of the early inhabitants of Denmark, who produced the shell-mounds, and who can scarcely at the lowest computation be placed nearer to us than eight or ten thousand years back. Of the first, we have many details given, but the information has passed through so many tongues and so many pens, that we feel no certainty in any one of them; and a modern writer has even boldly asserted that there is no satisfactory evidence to prove even the existence of Druids. Of the second, we know many facts with absolute certainty. We know something of their appearance and stature, and much of their mode of life. They were a dwarfish round-headed race, they clothed themselves and probably covered their huts with skins, for they used skin-scrapers, awls, and pins, which could hardly have been applied to any other use. They lived chiefly on shell-fish, but were able also to hunt and catch the stag, the wild-boar, the wolf fox bear and beaver, though their spear-heads knives awls and scrapers, were chipped out of flint. They had no domestic cattle or fowls, and probably no cultivation, but they had that faithful companion of man, the dog, who doubtless assisted them in hunting. They had rude pottery, and therefore cooked their food; they split open every long bone to get at the marrow; but they had no fruits or any vegetable food, except seaweed. Although the country they lived in was very different from what it is now, we can tell something of its physical features. The sea around it was then saltier and produced fine oysters, and the land was covered with pine-forests, whereas extensive beech-woods are now the pride of the country, and have been so from time immemorial. We have actually as much knowledge of this ancient race as we often obtain of modern savages, and even knowledge of a more certain character, since it does not depend upon isolated observations, confined to certain places and made at certain times, but is derived from remains which indicate their average mode of life at various seasons and during many centuries. For the detailed observations through which this knowledge has been obtained, we must refer our readers to Mr. Lubbock's volume, but there is one portion of them bearing upon the antiquity of these people to which we would especially call attention. In the time of the Romans, the beech forests seem to have been as extensive and luxuriant in Denmark as they are now. Yet in the preceding "Bronze age" these forests did not exist, for in the peat bogs, oak trees are invariably found at the same depth at which bronze weapons occur. Still deeper, however, these oaks disappear, and pine-trunks alone are found along with implements of stone; and in singular accordance with this fact, a bird not now found in Denmark, and which feeds chiefly on pine buds (the *Capercaillie*), was an article of food at the time the shell-mounds were accumulated. Here we have proofs of a double change of vegetation, which could hardly have taken place very rapidly, since we have no accounts of such a natural change having anywhere occurred during the historical period. It has been seen

that we have some reason for placing the end of the "Bronze age" in Europe at near four thousand years back, since Hesiod, who lived near three thousand years ago, speaks of a remote epoch when men "had arms of copper, houses of copper, who ploughed with copper, and the black iron did not exist;" and from the large number of tombs spread over a wide area in which bronze articles only occur, as well as for other reasons, the "Bronze age" itself was probably of long duration, and corresponded rudely to the time of the oak forests in Denmark. It is evident, then, that to go back to the time of pine forests and the age of stone weapons, we require, at the very least, three times the length of what we may call the historical period, or from ten to twelve thousand years.

In Professor Max Muller's "Lectures on Language" (second series), there is an interesting discussion on the manner in which language appears to illustrate these very changes. The old Aryan root which at first meant *fir*, was afterwards modified to mean *oak*; and the Greek word for *oak* in Latin means *beech* only, and derivatives of it possess the same meaning in all the Germanic languages. Though it can hardly be proved, it seems probable that this singular parallelism in language and vegetation indicates a real connexion between them, or, as the Professor poetically expresses it, "that such changes of meaning were as the shadows cast on language by passing events." The immediate cause of these changes of vegetation would probably be the decreasing cold during the transition from the glacial period to the present time; and we can well imagine that, under the influence of this change of climate, the pines, oaks, and beeches migrated northwards, so as in many cases successively to occupy the same country; and the order of their succession seems to be the same as that of their average adaptability to a severe climate.

We feel inclined to linger a while over the mysterious North American antiquities, the great earthworks which cover hundreds of acres; the defensive enclosures, the temple mounds, and the strange animal mounds; the giant turtle, with a dwelling-house on his body, and a catholic church on his tail, and the great serpent, a thousand feet long, which lays coiled upon a bluff in Ohio. But we must pass on to say a few words about the cave-dwellers, almost the earliest men of whose existence we have obtained any accurate knowledge. These ancient people lived when the South of France was many degrees colder than it is now, when floating ice encumbered its rivers, and when the reindeer, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros were among its characteristic animals. These, as well as the fierce cave-lion and cave-bear, were killed and devoured by the cave-men, who appear to have had no domestic animals, and whose flint weapons were of the rudest character. Yet they had the use of fire, and even buried their dead with some care; so that we must conclude that at this remote period, when the physical geography of Europe was so different that hippopotami and elephants abounded in what is now the island of Sicily, the human race had attained at least as much civilization as some of the lowest savages which even now linger upon the earth.

In the two excellent chapters on the "Antiquity of Man," we find a most clear and intelligible account of the celebrated gravel beds of the Somme Valley, and of the discovery and position of the flint implements which have of late excited so much interest. These beds, when properly interpreted by the geologist, furnish the best and most trustworthy data for obtaining an idea of the long series of ages during which man has existed in Europe. Various calculations have now been made of the antiquity of human remains at different epochs. The delta of the Lake of Geneva and that of the Mississippi, the alluvial deposits of the Nile, the change of vegetation in Denmark, and the deposits of peat and gravel in the valley of the Somme, all furnish data for estimates

of time more or less approximate; and there is a certain amount of harmony and concordance of results in these estimates, which will soon reduce the probability of error within comparatively narrow limits. For the details of these interesting calculations we must refer to the volume itself, and will only quote the very just remarks with which Mr. Lubbock concludes his account of them.

We must remember that these estimates are brought forward, not as a proof, but as a measure of antiquity. Our belief in the antiquity of man rests not on any isolated calculations, but on the changes that have taken place since his appearance—changes in the geography, in the fauna, and in the climate of Europe. Valleys have been deepened, widened, and partially filled up again; caves through which subterranean rivers once ran are now left dry; even the configuration of land has been materially altered, and Africa finally separated from Europe.

In three well-condensed chapters, at the end of his work, the author endeavours to elucidate the probable condition of our remote ancestors by a reference to the manners and customs of those modern savages who were, when first discovered by Europeans, still in the "Stone age;" for, as he well remarks, "the fossil marsupials are illustrated by their existing representatives in Australia and South America; and in the same manner, if we wish to understand the antiquities of Europe, we must compare them with the rude implements and weapons still, or until lately, used by savage races in other parts of the world. In fact, the Van Diemaner and South American are to the antiquary, what the opossum and the sloth are to the geologist." He then sketches for us, in a few interesting pages, the chief peculiarities, mental, moral, and physical, of each of the chief races of savages,—Hottentots, Australians, Fejeeans, Maories, Polynesians, Fuejians, and Esquimaux,—and thence derives many valuable conclusions as to the mental, moral, and physical condition of the earlier races of men. In a concluding chapter the evidence is summed up. We are shown what the savage really is; to what misery and want he is in most cases exposed, and how little he is raised above the brutes. We may fairly conclude, therefore, that the same influences which have so surely conduced to the advance of civilization by the rapid increase of the higher races of man, must continually tend to his further progress in intellect and happiness. The more we learn of the slow and painful steps by which our race has emerged from a dark and imperfect past, the more hope we may rationally have of a bright and prosperous future.

We trust we have succeeded in giving some idea of the varied and interesting matters treated of in this volume. It teems with information on everything that has been yet discovered bearing on the early history of our race, and is written in so clear and agreeable a manner that it is sure both to gratify and instruct every class of reader.

A. R. W.

LADY DUFF GORDON'S LETTERS.

Letters from Egypt: 1863-65. By Lady Duff Gordon (Macmillan, 1865.)

THE "key-note of provincialism," of which Mr. Matthew Arnold makes so many complaints, is, curiously enough, never so painfully visible as in modern books of travel. Instead of the exhibition of an enlarged view and an increased tolerance and generous feeling towards other races, amongst those who carry the English name and English cash to all the ends of the world, the results of travel too often simply are, that home-bred prejudices are confirmed, and that insular fanaticism, religious or secular, is largely increased. The average traveller starts with a preconceived notion that all the excellence of the world is enclosed within the four seas, looks with prejudiced eyes on everything he meets, and returns to crystallize his feebleness in the form of a one-sided and essentially "provincial" book.

As a general rule, travellers, especially

those who write, may be arranged under two classes. Either, on the one hand, they belong to that well-meaning but narrow-minded species which, believing that without the pale of English thought and manners there is not merely no salvation, but no good, thinks it a duty to attempt the conversion of all with whom it comes in contact; or, on the other, to that equally narrow and provincial class which shrugs its shoulders in pitying contempt for everything which does not happen to accord with its notions of rectitude and propriety. Those who follow in the footsteps of travellers of the first description may trace their predecessors by the sheaves of tracts which they scatter thickly wherever they go, while in their books they may be known by their eternal lamentations over the "darkness" and ignorance of every country they have visited; while the second race are equally discoverable by the cool impertinence with which they assume that nothing, save themselves and their doings, is of the smallest real value, and by the details with which they fill their books concerning the stupidity and perverseness of the people of the country they have visited.

To this rule there are, however, some honourable exceptions—some few travellers who are, happily for English credit, sufficiently humble in their estimate of themselves to be able to see what is admirable in other nations, to admire it heartily and to praise it warmly. A certain personal character is necessary for this, and those who know how rare it is to find a man of really cultivated mind, able and quick of apprehension, who is at the same time gentle, open to conviction, and warmly sympathetic, will appreciate the scarcity of this description of traveller. To this character, however, Lady Duff Gordon may very fairly be said to answer. Evidently endowed with great sweetness of temper and vivacity of apprehension, and unusually free from the common-place prejudices of the average British matron, she has managed out of very slender materials to construct not merely a pleasing book of travel, but one which is at the same time a valuable addition to the sum of human knowledge. Throughout her letters an enlarged sympathy with her hosts is everywhere visible, and this has saved her from that offensive assumption of superiority which so often disgusts the reader of books of this class. The feeling which prompted her in speaking of the misgovernment of the native population of Egypt is the key-note of the entire series of letters. "You know" she says, "that I don't see things quite as our countrymen generally do, for mine is another standpoint, and my heart is with the Arabs. I care less about opening up the trade with the Soudan, or about all the new railways, and I should like to see person and property safe, which no one's is here—Europeans, of course, excepted." The same feeling is evidently uppermost in her criticism of Miss Martineau's book on Egypt, of which she says: "The descriptions are excellent, and it is true as far as it goes; but there is the usual defect; to her, as to most Europeans, the people are not real people, only part of the scenery. She evidently knew and cared nothing about them, and had the feeling of most English travellers, that the differences of manners are a sort of impassable gulf." Now of all this there is nothing in Lady Gordon's book. She made friends of the Arabs, and is prompt to acknowledge their good qualities, even in those points of religious difference in which intolerance would be most excusable, as it would seem to be most natural. She is always ready to recognize what is really admirable in the Muslim creed, and it is worthy of remark that she dwells throughout on those good qualities, and on the points of resemblance between the purer forms of that religion and Christianity, rather than upon its objectionable features and the points of difference between the two modes of faith. Thus tolerant herself, she encountered no intolerance.

The majority of English travellers contrive, in some way or other, to insult the faith of the Arab, and then, finding the outrage resented, they cry out fiercely against "Muslim fanaticism." Yet—at all events, in Upper Egypt—such a thing is scarcely known. Lady Gordon found none. She was freely admitted even to their religious ceremonies; the Muslim priests prayed for her, and the common people, amongst whom it might most naturally be expected to show itself, treated her creed with the same respect with which she treated theirs. This was not because she in any way denied her faith. "The Europeans resent being called 'Nasranee' as a genteel Hebrew gentleman may shrink from the word 'Jew.' But I said boldly, 'I am a Nazarene, praise be to God!' and found that it was much approved by the Muslims as well as the Copts." It is, however, scarcely necessary to say that the practice of amateur proselytism found no supporter in her. Throughout these letters there is not a trace of the amateur sermonizing and tract-distributing which is sometimes so offensive. It was in quite another way that their writer gained the affection and respect of the people with whom she lived. She won their hearts by treating them generously and considerately—not in the matter of money so much as in what some would call little things. She gave them medicine in sickness, was not above dressing a workman's crushed finger, or nursing a dying man with womanly tenderness. Sympathising thus with the troubles and sorrows of her neighbours, she was rewarded with a love and devotion which appeared to have had no bounds. Her dragoman refuses higher wages, that he may still have the privilege of waiting upon her; her servants have, without exception, a rare personal attachment to her; the whole village of El-Uksur make her its confidant and adviser; and Muslims of every grade, sheiks and fellahs, Nubians and Arabs, treat her as a fellow-believer, and assure her of final acceptance with Allah. Nay, even more than all this, though they are steeped to the lips in poverty, they not merely refrain from asking for the traditional "baksheesh," but absolutely refuse it when offered. The pregnant saying of Carlyle has, indeed, again proved itself true—"The eye sees only that which it brings with it, the power of seeing." Had Lady Gordon visited the East with a determination to see good in nothing which did not more or less resemble the things to which she was accustomed, she would, probably, have found plenty to condemn. Instead of doing so, however, she carried a humble estimate of herself and her belongings, and she has been rewarded not merely by the personal enjoyment of her visit, but by the knowledge that she has exercised a most wholesome and praiseworthy influence over her Arab friends.

The student of Eastern life and manners will find much to interest him in these letters. Lady Gordon's sex and her medical knowledge combined to afford her unusual access to the domestic life of the country. Her views of the question of polygamy are assuredly worthy of notice. She is remarkably outspoken on this topic—never, however, indelicately so—and has not smothered the great social and moral points which arise out of it under a prudish affectation. In her view, under the present social conditions of the Arab race, no domestic arrangement could be made which should answer better in practice. That it has its objectionable side she readily admits; but there is also, favourable one, which is not so readily acknowledged, but which is very fairly set before the reader of these letters.

Several other points are also touched upon, and receive a new interest, from the fact that they are regarded from within rather than from without—from an Arab rather than from an English point of view. Considerations of space prevent their being touched upon, however, in this place. Her opinion of the new race of Indian civil servants is, however, too important to be wholly passed over:—

It is really heartbreaking to see *what* we are sending to India now. The mail days are dreaded; we never know when some brutal outrage may possibly excite "Mussulman fanaticism." They try their hands on the Arabs, in order to be in good training for insulting Hindus. The English tradesmen here complain as much as any of the natives, and I . . . hear what the Arabs really think. . . . I have come to hate the sight of a hat in this country.

With this brief extract, which might be commended with advantage to the attention of the Indian Civil Service Commissioners, we part with real reluctance from one of the most wholesome and agreeable books of travel which the circulating libraries have seen for a long time.

A FRENCH WOMAN'S MISSION.

Thérèse et son Époque; et à propos des Courtisanes.
Par Deraismes, Paris, à la Librairie Nouvelle,
Boulevard des Italiens.

THE same complaint, of which we have heard so much at home, about the unsoundness of female education, has come to us from Paris in a rather unexpected form. Why has Mlle. Thérèse become an "institution"? Why is the Alcazar, where she sings, thronged night after night with never-wearied crowds? It is, M. Deraismes says, because female education is so poor, so frivolous, that ladies are getting quite unequal to the task of guiding the popular taste. All they can do is to run into debt, and live a life which is not one whit more exalted or refined than that of the demi-monde. The pamphlet to which we refer begins in Lucian's style, with a dialogue between Lacordaire and Thérèse, who is supposed to have just got into the lower world. The Dominican has heard of the fame of the slang songstress, and envies her success; there has been nothing like it since the days of Abelard and Ramus.

"How did you manage it? (he asks). You are as unlike Aspasia or Phryne, or La Fornarina, as can be imagined. You had not a morsel of education. While I, eloquent, trained, and clever, filled Notre Dame indeed, but was never popular as you are."

"Oh how green your reverence is (replies Thérèse); don't you see that my songs took because *j'ai du chien*."

And this *chien* she defines to be "a kind of spice that brings your heart up into your mouth, something that nips you and tickles you, and wakes you up, so that if you were half dead, you could not help yourself, but would be obliged to come back to life and listen."

The recipe was tried, says scandal, by the Duc de Morny, as he lay on his death bed; but we suppose he was too far gone before he began it.

"You see (she continues) every one can understand that kind of thing. Don't be offended, your reverence, but there is a side on which every man is open to attack at every moment; and that is just where I made my attack. As for you, you bored people; and at last they get tired of coming."

Then she gives us a sample of her style, the famous (or infamous)—

Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur;
Hu—hu—hu—hu.
Prends c'que tu voudras, Nicolas, t'en auras
pas l'éternelle;
Hu—hu—hu—hu.

Cerberus is waked up by this congenial chorus, and the poor ex-pulpit orator is put to flight by Thérèse dropping a mock curtsy, and asking maliciously, "How would it be if you were to try to convert me, your reverence? That would be just the thing to make us both the fashion again." Thenceforward our pamphlet becomes a very grave protest against the sad decay of taste in Paris, the chosen home of esprit and bon goût. The writer is not so downhearted as some, who see in Thérèse's triumph "la dernière expression de la décadence." Though great ladies take lessons of her, and no salon is complete without her, he still cries, "Patience, every dog has his day; her *chien* will not live for

ever; and one comfort is, we know what is the matter with us, for that is always the first step to recovery." The main reason why "our pleasures" are so degraded and unintellectual is (he says), because we take up things so differently from the old noblesse. That privileged body, of which he speaks as tenderly as M. About himself does in his last novel ("Le Mari Imprévu"), had many faults, but it was not unintellectual, for it took to esprit as a duck takes to water; "mind" was, so to speak, its natural element. Esprit for us is (like everything else) appraised at its money value. We write wittily, or sensibly, or absurdly, because we want to get a name which will bring us in substantial advantages by-and-bye, or else we simply write "pot boilers," without caring for them a week after they have been paid for.

This is not the way the men of old did. Literature in those days, on the whole, was cultivated, because students liked it. Even the poor scholars had an enthusiasm about their work which is rarely felt now. In fact, everything has been "thrown open"—there is no privileged class; but, while the doors were opened, just that one subtle essence has escaped which used to be the special mark of French mind. The tiers état has got everything except "cette grande tournure de l'esprit français, cette élégance, ce goût exquis, cette permanence de la façon aristocratique." The *otium* of the old noblesse is gone; goût and esprit, and the like, are just as much a matter of business as anything else. This is why our taste is so low, although the schoolmaster is so much more abroad than he was. We think the writer is a little hard on his own age, and forgets that if the old writers did not write for so wide a public, many of them were just as much hacks as the merest penny-a-liner now. They wrote dedications in the hope of guineas; they drove miserable bargains with booksellers. But, we beg pardon, these were the basse classe; the French noblesse then was, no doubt, more intellectual than it is now, just because intellectuality was then so much less common. And no doubt in those days the noblesse (which now keeps aloof from everything) set the fashion in taste, which they do not altogether do now. And yet taste, as it was developed in the salons of the Louis XV. age, is not, after all, a very regrettable production. It was thoroughly impractical; it made no one better, no one really wiser; it developed a cynicism in morals which helped on the great Revolution. On the whole, we think that what yet remains of the old noblesse in the Faubourg St. Germain is getting a little careless about keeping up its old character for esprit, just because the old boasted esprit was found to be so worthless when it came to be tested. The age which followed '93 was a practical age; ours is a practical age; and people shirk the old nonsense of the salons because they know it to be valueless—precisely because (as our author says) "it does not pay;" which, after all, is the true standard for everything, if only we will understand the word "pay" aright. It is not because we are too hard worked, and therefore rush during our short hours of relaxation to inane or indecent pleasures, that we have given up cultivating esprit, but because the good sense of this second half of the nineteenth wants something more solid—something that will wear better. It craves for good strong meat, and will not be put off with trifle and whip syllabub. Meanwhile, if you, arbiters of tastes, guides of a nation's aesthetics, will not find it what it hungers for, it will solace itself with fiery draughts of vitriolic gin and water, just because it must have something strong. That is our explanation of the matter. Still, there is a great deal in what our pamphleteer says about the old noblesse, which was a thousand years in forming its taste, and which at last had got a sort of faith in its great name and traditions of family honour (which, however, did not save individuals from shameful meannesses), and had the inestimable advantage of associates of

the same rank from the very cradle. The Marquis de Lanrose, in M. About's last book, is a noble character; and a nation may well sacrifice a good deal to secure a whole class of such men. He is right, again, in insisting that our modern education is too special; study is no longer a taste, but a task, and is enforced as such by anxious parents. "Work to improve the talents and enlarge the mind which God has given you," is not half so often the cry as "Work, because you can't get on without it." Hence the cram system. "Il se bourre de formules;" but, when once he has his degree, the young man sells or shelves his books; never thinks of anything but his own special branch; and, having no love for letters, seeks amusement in low pleasures. Our rule is, "Every one should be educated with reference to his future duties;" and this is why people think that women, who have merely "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," have no great need of education. "*Je vis de bonne soupe, et non de beau langage*," says Chrysale in the play; and most people are of his opinion. Hence, women are put off with the most meagre allowance of solid education, and burdened with a useless baggage of accomplishments. Of "*ideas*," which alone can resist the enticements of interest and pleasure, they have absolutely none at all; and thus it is that they live and move in an atmosphere of contradictions and prejudices. They do not combat error; they simply seek to turn things to their own advantage. Too often, whereas they might raise men's natures, they are careful only to ruin them; and we know that one hour of folly will ruin a noble life. And yet women are the cleverest popularizers of science, the best interpreters of philosophy, and, as our earliest teachers, they have the most important work in the whole world entirely in their hands. People tell us that learning spoils women; if it does, the reason is that learned women are so rare. Middle-class wives generally help in their husbands' business; but great ladies have only their own work, which they do by deputy, so as to be able to meet "the claims of society" (*les devoirs du monde*), which consist in never missing a ball, or a race, or a fête. Their culture is only skin-deep; any lorette can soon get to spell enough for a billet; and by buying her clothes at the proper shops, and getting up a little small talk about novels and plays from literary men, she can be "just as ladylike as a real lady." If ladies mean to fulfil their mission, and to raise the tone of morals and of society, they must give up competing with lorettes, and come back to "esprit"—"*il est l'ancre de salut*," the only power which can purify the world.

That is our author's panacea for the decay of taste, and all the other evils of Imperial French society. *Apropos des courtisanes*, he has some good remarks about the absurdity of expecting the women of a nation to be good, while we give unlimited license to the men; the same law holds for both. Women, too, must be intelligent, that they may guide public taste in a right direction. Napoleon's rule is, "*Faites-nous des croyantes et non pas des raisonneuses*," does not work well. But the grand reason why the particular virtue of chastity is held in such little account, is because it is persistently set forth as merely a negative virtue, and you cannot get people in general to care much about negatives; they do not satisfy man's pride, they leave him still lost among the crowd. It is not because virtue is hard that it finds few followers. The worship of Moloch or Juggernaut is far harder, far more unnatural. It is because virtue is made uninteresting. We have given eclat to vice by talking so much about it: the fox in the fable is made a vast deal more "taking" than the sheep. All the vagaries of sin are duly chronicled; it has free scope for them, while virtue has no room to expand, is forced into a mould till it gets to be a mere pretence, a mere matter of arrangement, no more like the real thing than superstition is like piety. Make your

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negative virtues positive by applying to them the golden rule of Christian charity. Sensuality is a selfish vice ("lust sits hard by hate," said Milton). David's first crime was the fruit of lust; a voluptuary never was an equitable magistrate or a good ruler. Make men feel this, prove the value of purity, by showing how closely it is bound up with all those active virtues which no one pretends to despise. Rendons à la vertu son auréole; nous lui rendrons sa valeur. Thus, without a word about religion, the writer of this remarkable pamphlet comes as near to it as one writing to Parisians would find it wise to do. He gives us a long sermon, interesting, as showing what thoughtful men feel about the dangers of modern society and their remedies; and perhaps not without practical value to ourselves, though we boast so much about our comparative freedom from the evils which he is attacking.

SYDONIE'S DOWRY.

Sydonie's Dowry. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori," "Denise," &c. (Bell & Daldy.)

FEW stories are more delightful than the charming prose idylls in which George Sand has described the peasant life of some of the French provinces. To a great extent, no doubt, it is an ideal picture that she has drawn in them, for in actual life it would be difficult to find among labouring men and women the gentleness and the delicacy with which she has endowed her heroes and heroines; but still there is a wonderful reality about the figures, as well as the landscapes she depicts. The peasants who play the principal parts in "La Mare-au-Diable," "La Petite Fadette," "François le Champi," and several other stories of the same class, are as lifelike as if they had really existed, and, shadows though they be, they leave a deep and lasting impression on the memory. No praise can be too great for the art with which they are drawn, and the charm with which the scenes wherein they move are invested. As M. Sainte-Beuve remarks, we feel in reading them like a traveller who passes suddenly from the sands of the desert to "an oasis of verdure, of freshness, and of purity."

Such are the stories which the authoress of "Mademoiselle Mori" has taken as the model of her present work. The scene of "Sydonie's Dowry" is laid in Languedoc, and its characters are chiefly drawn from the peasants of a village hidden among the folds of the Cevennes. Sydonie, "the prettiest girl in the whole country-side," has the misfortune to be the granddaughter of a reputed witch, an old hag who tells fortunes, and deals in spells, and is generally known by the name of *La Roumèco*, or the Vampire. The consequence of this relationship is that Sydonie is somewhat shunned by her neighbours, in spite of the sweetness of her disposition, and her resemblance to "the beautiful Venetians, whom Titian loved to paint, and whose living image may yet be seen in the Friuli, with rippling hair like ripe corn, skins fair as asphodel flowers, and dark eyes by turn sad and joyous." At the village fête, which occurs at an early period of the story, she seems likely not to be invited to dance, until Paul Bridaine, a young well-to-do peasant, who has quarrelled with his sweetheart, chooses Sydonie as his partner. From that dance dates his love for her—an affection as humble and as devoted as was that of Philip for Sylvia in Mrs. Gaskell's charming story. At first she laughs at and teases him, for she rather looks down upon him on account of his apparent sluggishness of intellect, and she is by nature lighthearted and playful as a kitten. But by degrees she learns to recognize the sterling qualities of his character; and when, after he has gone away to try his fortune at Dieppe, she is left alone in the world by her grandmother's sudden death, she becomes fully aware of the value of such an honest, manly heart as that of her constant but unpretending admirer. He never fails for a moment in his allegiance to her; but his prospects

are not bright, and her dowry, originally a small one, has been lost to her since her grandmother's death. It had consisted of a set of ear-rings, and a cross and chain, all of solid gold; but none of these ornaments had been found in the hut *La Roumèco* used to inhabit. Sydonie had not mourned their loss, for she was aware that the stain of blood was on them, and that her grandmother had obtained them by an act of the basest treachery; and so she was willing enough to bear her poverty, and to hope for better times. And at last they dawn upon her. Paul's career proves successful at Dieppe, and she becomes known through him to a relative of hers in that town, who takes her into her house and treats her with all kindness. Moreover, the ornaments constituting her dowry are discovered, and restored to her. For a time her good fortune brings her little happiness, for a coolness springs up between Sydonie and her lover, each imagining that the other has found a new object of affection; but all is set right by an opportune storm, which swamps the boat in which she supposes him to be, and reduces her to temporary despair. Then—just as she is remembering "How he had loved her! asking for nothing, only caring to guard her from every rough wind; bearing all her slights and caprices, though who knew how much pain they had cost him? Too late now! too late! she could never tell him that she knew he had been far too good for her"—Paul arrives safe and sound, not having had anything to do with the boat which had foundered before her eyes. Every misunderstanding is cleared up, and all goes well. The next day, among the gifts sent to the family of a fisherman who had been drowned during the gale, appeared a rich gold cross and chain, and a set of golden ear-rings. Sydonie had given away her dowry, "and the last relic of the unrighteous wealth of *La Roumèco* passed away, and was converted into a blessing."

The story is very pleasantly told, and the chapters in which the rapid growth of Paul's love for Sydonie and her gradual liking for him are described, deserve considerable praise. But there is a want of vigour about the greater part of the narrative, and some portions of it are even feeble. Sydonie's friend, the excellent Madlle. de Parthenau, is too angelic for this world, and gives rise to the impatient feelings which the personification of perfection in a novel is apt to produce. But Sydonie is very charming, and her character is sufficient to invest the story of her dowry with interest, although the tale is very different from what it would have been had it been told by George Sand. There is as much difference between "La Mare-au-Diable" and "Sydonie's Dowry" as there is between a masterpiece by a great artist and a pleasant sketch by a clever amateur.

CHURCH NEWSPAPERS.

[Second Notice.]

WE now continue our little collection of specimens taken at random from the pages of recent numbers of High Church periodicals.

Every subject touched upon in these journals takes its tinge from the Church spectacles, or, rather, we might say that the party are in the habit of importing every possible object into their cathedrals, and there observing them under the colours of their stained windows. We read, for instance, an account of the wretched condition of the sick in St. Giles's Workhouse. The narrator, summing up the evils endured by poor Gibson, adds, "in short, both God and man entirely absent!" How he became aware of the absence of God we should have vainly striven to guess, had he not thrown light on the subject in the next sentence. "Our readers will agree with us that only one effectual remedy can be found for evils so characteristic of a class, so perpetual, so heartrending, and yet so deplorably wicked. Religion must enter these infamous dens of legal charity, and in no guise will it ever pretend to do so except in the guise of Sisters of Mercy, whose motive and reward are alike the love of God alone."

Thus we dimly discern that the absence of Sisters of Mercy somehow involves the absence

of God, and that instead of any real reform of our workhouse system, the *Church Review* would apply the eternal Romish palliative of monastic charity.

Again, if a step could have been named more desirable than another to elevate the morality of Italy, it was assuredly that of taking the monopoly of the license to sanction marriages out of the hands of the priesthood, who have so nefariously misused it. But a priesthood in the eyes of High Churchmen—even the profligate priesthood of Italy—is holier than any lay authority in the world, and to invade their office is sacrilege. The *Church Review* (April 8, 1865), announcing that "the Italian Parliament has taken a step towards the secularization of holy matrimony in legalizing civil marriages," adds the solemn warning, "This is to be deplored as another step in the dissolution of manners and religion!"

Last year in Italy, on the publication of Rénan's book, the principal cathedrals of the country were all the scenes of *Triduos*—or solemn ceremonies of mourning, lasting three days and nights, for the placation of the Divine anger, supposed to be excited by the appearance of the *Vie de Jésus*. To English eyes these *Triduos* seemed generally absurd enough, and their evident result in advertising M. Rénan's book on the largest and most splendid scale, afforded some amusement to spectators as well as large profits to the booksellers. A service held in an English church, "to avert the wrath of Almighty God, and to deprecate His righteous judgments," if held at all, would doubtless (we should have imagined) have referred to some enormous crime, some dire infraction of those eternal moral laws of which He is the great custodian—or, at least to some atheistic attack upon His character or attributes. We find, however, that such a service has been actually held, not because a great moral offence was committed, or God's character blasphemed—not even, like the Italian *Triduos*, because a vast agency of theological disintegration had appeared in the land—but because a wedding had taken place in the church, and the officiating clergyman had worn a sheet instead of a surplice! Both the *Church Review* and *Church Times* record the transaction, under the solemn title of "The Lakenham Desecration." It appears that on the 20th March, 1865, a wedding party sought the church of Lakenham, near Norwich, with a clergyman, named Baldwin, ready to perform the marriage service. The history narrates how it happened that the vestry was closed and no surplice forthcoming, and then proceeds as follows:—

"Without further hesitation a messenger was sent to a neighbouring house, and a sheet was borrowed; in this unseemly and indecent garb the sacred rite was performed. The offender was the first person to tell the Rev. A. Pownall, the vicar, who, justly indignant and scandalized, has laid the matter before the Bishop. But not feeling satisfied, the vicar took other means to expiate so grievous and outrageous a proceeding, and on Friday held a solemn service 'to avert the wrath of Almighty God, and to deprecate his righteous judgments, in consequence of the profanation of His sanctuary.' The Litany was said by the vicar, kneeling at the chancel entrance, and a most solemn sermon preached from the altar. An orderly and respectable congregation were present."

Matters did not end here. A gentleman, named Wilkins, writing to the *Church Review*, adds some "not unimportant particulars," which reached him from "undoubted authority." The sheet (as his italics mark with uttermost reprobation) was "dirty," and "it is whispered that it was undeserving the name" given it by the Bishop of "a piece of linen," "being simply calico!!!" The justly-incensed Mr. Wilkins only can add to this tremendous statement, "Will you kindly tell your readers what (if anything) can be done?"

It is pleasant to find that Bishop Pelham, far from countenancing this miserable travesty of righteous indignation, "readily accepted the offender's explanation, and reprimanded severely the incumbent who instituted the expiatory service. The worst of all attacks, however, necessarily fall on Bishop Colenso. It is a curious fact that in the High Church notices of Rénan's books no *dissuasive* to its perusal is to be found. It is, of course, broadly condemned; but there is so much added about its learning, vigour, beauty of style, importance, &c., that the result with the natural man—and even, we presume, with the natural clergyman—would be to order the book

* *Church Review*, April 5, 1865.* *Church Review*, p. 342.

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at once for private consumption. Perhaps the reviewers were not too simple and ignorant of the phenomena of lending libraries, to be pretty well aware that such was the case, and to feel that the revolt of English taste against M. Rénan's style of treating the Gospel history was as good a help to their cause as they could easily find. On the other hand, when the books of Davidson and Colenso are to be reviewed, no *agro-dolce* criticism is to be used. Everything these writers say is "ignorant, dull, jejune"—a "mere *réchauffé* of German infidelity"—a repetition of "arguments refuted by Usher," and everybody else, one or two hundred years ago. These are good hearty dissuaves, about whose result on the reading public (who believe them) there need be no doubt. If a few hundreds of persons should by these tactics be led to read Rénan, and not to read Colenso, but to class him in the same category of distasteful irreverence, then (as prefaces say) "the object the writer has had at heart will be accomplished!"

Readers of mere lay reviews—even of one which has earned for itself the *soubriquet* of the *Saturday Reviver*—are hardly fortified sufficiently by the frequent use of strong language to bear without some mental disturbance the phrases tossed off by these ecclesiastical journals. What would our readers think, for instance, at meeting in the columns of the present journal such a passage as the following, from the *Church Review* of April 22? Speaking of the translation of Kuenen by the Bishop of Natal, the writer compares Kuenen and the Bishop to anatomists, and then observes: "There is but one Penta-teuch to be dissected; let that one be destroyed, there is no second that can be found to supply its place. Better, were our animal unique, to learn all we could about it whilst living than to reduce it to a disgusting mass of mangled remains. There is everything that is shallow, hard, sneering, lowering to the reason, hardening to the heart in their writings. It is the intention of Dr. Colenso and his school which is as deserving of reprobation as the shallow learning and paltry show of erudition by means of which they endeavour to carry on and propagate their miserable scepticism. . . . With Professor Kuenen and the infidels of Leyden we have, happily, neither sympathy nor concern. The case is unfortunately somewhat different with his translator; and we believe that, under the peculiar circumstances of its production, and on account of the nature of the book itself, the name that appears on the title-page will only add to the unmitigated loathing and disgust which arises in the breast of every honest member of the Church in England at the mention, or at the sight, of the name of Dr. Colenso."!!

The *Clerical Journal*, on the other hand (April 6), considers that such proceedings as those advocated by a certain curate should be "avoided." The curate in question "cannot divest his mind of some painful doubts how far it may be right to continue in the ranks of a ministry which embraces those who openly dishonour the Saviour, and deny the inspiration of God's Word!" Really mere laymen find it hard to work up to the point of hate wherein such words and ideas suggest themselves. We are moved to ask whether the origin of the tinsure may not be sought in the peculiar heat of clerical cerebra.

The contrast between the High Church and Low Church journals is in no case more striking than in the announcements of new churches opened and new ecclesiastical arrangements. The Evangelical papers are for ever rejoicing over "an iron church just set up" in some district hitherto remote from religious services, and on "large, commodious chapels" where many hundreds may "sit under" a favourite preacher. The High Church journals can only name an iron edifice of worship, or a "be-pewed" church, with expressions of disgust and shame, and reserve all their congratulations for events like the following. (We quote at random from the *Church Review*, April 22, 1865):—

"*St. Andrew*.—This church was decorated in most tasteful style. Over the font was placed an octagonal canopy trimmed with evergreens, . . . the centre arch was covered by a text in blue and gold, . . . the eye is at once caught by the elaborate lettering of the texts, &c. *St. Mary, Prestbury*.—The church was beautifully decorated for Easter. Many choice flowers in pots . . . on the super-altar. Since the re-opening of the church candles have been lighted at every celebration, &c., &c. *Ham, Staffordshire*.—The choir and clergy walked in procession. . . . The alms collected amounted to 8l. 13s. 8d., to be

devoted to Church purposes in South Africa. (May we surmise these 'purposes' were any way connected with the Bishopric of Natal? If so, the application to them of 'alms' collected at the 'offertory' in the morning is somewhat remarkable.) *St. Mary, Torrington*.—Truly Catholic services have marked the celebration of the Queen of Feasts in this church. The altar was vested in rich white silk frontal, and crimson embroidered super-frontal, &c. *St. Mary, Caldicot*.—The clergy wore gorgeous stoles of the colour of the season. *Christ Church, Todmorden*.—The church was beautifully decorated. Only a year ago there was here a three-decker (is it possible this is the ecclesiastical slang for some kind of altar?) and a miserable table. It is in this parish that the scandalous 'lay services' are conducted in an ancient consecrated parish chapel, so that the Easter rejoicings were mixed with the sad feelings that dissent and schism always introduce into a parish. *St. Lawrence, Norwich*.—Good Friday was kept with due solemnity. The cross and candles were covered with crape. . . . Altogether, it had a mournful and imposing appearance. The bells were muffled, and tolled out the number of our Redeemer's years on earth. In the centre of the arch hung a gridiron, the emblem of the patron saint, covered with evergreens. The rector celebrated in cloth of gold vestments. . . . Great disappointment was felt at the non-arrival of a white cope. May the prayers of Churchmen be asked for the success of an application for a curate? *The Monastery, Norwich*.—On Good Friday the ancient ceremony, called the Veneration of the Cross, was observed. *Watton*.—The large cross upon the screen is neatly covered with box. . . . The font is neatly wreathed with ivy. . . . Each of the members of the choir carried a neat bouquet of flowers. *Slough*.—The parish church (a hideous be-pewed building, certainly) was very tastefully adorned. *St. Barnabas, Leeds*.—The altar was vested in black, and between the candlesticks, on a black dossal, was hung a large engraving of the Crucifixion. *St. John Baptist, Penistone*.—The rood screen was the great feature of the decorations. *St. Mary, Ozenhope*.—There were three joyous services, and at each service a procession. *St. Mary, Batcombe*.—The church presented a very gay appearance. On each side of the altar-lights stood a bouquet of flowers, and in the centre a magnificent cross. *Bordesley, Birmingham*.—The procession, headed by a crucifer, left the school-room. Two beautiful silk banners, of the symbol of the Holy Trinity and the Agnus Dei, were used for the first time, and the celebrant, Dr. Oldknow, wore also for the first time the proper eucharistic vestments."

In all seriousness we ask, is it not amazing to think of all these dozens of clergymen spending the amount of time and thought which these extracts imply in fantastic decorations of their churches, like children playing with baby-houses, and of hundreds more caring to read pages and pages of such details which appear every week in the organs of the party? Suppose our physicians were to toy thus with their hospitals, we should think it childish in the extreme. Yet their elaborate arrangements of flowers, and candlesticks, and texts by which "the eye is at once caught," might tend to amuse their patients beneficially. Can the same be said of such distracting objects in the place where sick souls seek healing of the Great Physician? It would truly seem as if the original true thought of the High Church party—to make Divine worship as solemn as possible, and the places in which it is offered befittingly grand and imposing—has degenerated of late into something more puerile than can well be excused. The upholstery of altars with "dossals" and "re-tables," and seven steps of ascent—the flower-show decorations of pots and bouquets—the millinery of "cloth of gold vestments," and much-lamented absent "copes" and "magnificent stoles," have none of the justification of noble edifices and well-ordered choirs. It may be a question whether we do well to seek for the elevation and excitement of the religious sentiment through such material means as majestic architecture and sublime music. But there can hardly be a question whether it be a religious sentiment at all which we call forth by the exhibition of millinery and upholstery. Ecclesiastical pomp and the personal importance of the clergy may be aided by such means, undoubtedly; but it would be very difficult to say how the feelings of penitence and of awe, or of gratitude to the Infinite God could possibly be excited thereby—nay, how they could escape being lowered, checked, distracted, by attention to such trifles. Pope makes his type of a

frivolous and heartless woman, one who, in the presence of her lover, "remarks the pattern on an Indian chest;"—

And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz excels mohair.

To take notice of furniture in the midst of scenes of human love or affliction seems, however, less miserably futile than to study copes and stoles and altar-cloths at the same moment that we implore the Majesty of Heaven to grant to us the forgiveness of our sins, and the ineffable gift of prayer.

THE EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE.

THE long-talked-of Congress of Evangelical Clergy has just been held at Ipswich. The doors were closed to reporters, and we only learn of its proceedings through an account, apparently revised and expurgated, supplied to a local paper.

The official contributor begins with alluding to the charge which is sometimes brought against the Evangelical body, that "men of intellect" are not frequently found in its ranks, and proceeds to say, with praiseworthy caution, that such as hold that opinion would assuredly have felt that it was a question "open for reconsideration," if they had been present at this congress. Nevertheless, "in the conversations we cannot deny that there was some vapid talk, and a tendency to shirk the heavier subjects, and to propound and support simple and obvious propositions." The papers which were read, however, were very different. These are all described as "eloquent," "scholarly," and unanswerable. One on the "Inspiration of Scripture," by a Rev. Mr. Garbett, settles that matter for ever. Only think of it! "A fine piece," says the writer, "of elaborate and exhaustive reasoning, in which the lecturer marched on triumphantly from position to position, demolishing opposition, and setting a logical foot upon every alternative conclusion, until the end he set out to prove seemed to lie like the unassailable *quod erat demonstrandum* of a theorem in Euclid." This is the way to treat the subject. "If this address should come before the world," says the writer, with sarcastic force mingled with pity, "objectors will have to look narrowly at the premises, for in them will be their only hope; the conclusions will be found unerring, from the first syllogism in the paper to the last." This was too hard a nut for discussion, and nothing else was suggested, in the time allowed for conversation, but the question how Mr. Garbett's "strong meat" might best be converted into "milk for babes;" and when a few minutes only were left, "the Chairman suggested that the remaining space could not be better occupied than by prayer, which he called upon Mr. Ryle to engage in." Mr. Freemantle's paper, on "The Present Position and Duties of the Evangelical Body in the Church of England," is highly praised, but the dignity of the address strongly contrasted with the succeeding discussion, which arose on account of a question, by a clergyman from Lowestoft, as to whether the clergy should not discourage the practice of Volunteers going to church accompanied by a band. Although the conversation which followed showed a tendency now and then to take "a frivolous turn," some serious questions arose, and in the afternoon the neologians caught it for an hour and a-half from the Rev. J. Richardson, of Bury, and others. Then appeared an Evangelical barrister, Mr. O'Malley, who "delivered an eloquent, and at the same time an extremely common-sense" oration upon "The Articles, Liturgy, and Subscription." It was delivered almost without a note, and "displayed the great versatility of mind as well as the seriousness of purpose of the popular Queen's counsel. The next morning a clergyman named Harrison delivered a calm, thoughtful, and kindly address" (we note that all addresses on this subject from the Evangelical side are always so excessively "kindly") upon the subject of the reality and eternity of future punishments, to which he found the Scriptures tied him, "without the shadow of ground or excuse for holding a contrary opinion;" while Dr. Robinson followed with philological evidence of the meaning of the word "eternal" as applied to punishment. The Rev. James Bardsley's address upon "The Best Mode of Presenting the Privileges of the Church of England to the Working Classes," seems to have put the dove-cote in a flutter, his views on lay preaching failing to meet with universal assent. In the afternoon, however, an explanation ensued, "and it appeared that no serious difference of opinion existed." We then read something of the

THE READER.

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Rev. Emilius Bayley, who, in the tiresome style of the reporter, is described as introducing his subject "with the eloquence and the refined diction of a practised speaker, who is at the same time a finished scholar;" and then the last subject for the consideration of the Congress is reached, the title of which is sufficiently suggestive—"The Breadth, Freeness, and yet *Exclusive-ness* of the Gospel," which is modern Calvinism in a sentence. A prayer, which we are told was "long," closed the proceedings of the conference, and the Ipswich streets were left soon afterwards to sinful men.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WEEK.

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- BOY'S OWN VOLUME (The) of Fact, Fiction, History, and Adventure. Midsummer, 1865. With Illustrations. Edited by the Publisher. 8vo, pp. viii.—552. *Beeton*. 6s.
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- CHRIST. The Life of Jesus Christ. By H. Ewald. Translated and edited by Octavius Glover, B.D. Post 8vo, pp. xvi.—384. *Deighton, Bell, & Co.* (Cambridge.) *Bell & Daldy*. 9s.
- CHURCH of England Magazine (The), under the superintendence of Clergymen of the United Church of England and Ireland. Vol. 55, January to June, 1865. Sup. roy., 8vo, pp. 474. *Evans*. 5s. 6d.
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branches of his profession was most thorough, the master of a telling style, and a writer who showed in his own person that the chronicler of gossip need not cease to be a gentleman.

His works are twelve in all; the first being published in 1835 and the last in 1860. Those by which he is most generally known are his "History of Party," and "China and Lower Bengal." The latter is composed of a series of letters written to *The Times*, during that war with China which ended in the capture of Canton. The account of the capture is a masterly sketch. The description of a Chinese dinner is as amusing as it is clever; and the narrative of his conversations with Commissioner Yeh a very happy piece of description, in the style of Boswell. On the whole, we should rank Mr. Wingrove Cooke's letters, as specimens of literary composition, even higher than those of Dr. Russell. The latter indulges too frequently in word-painting; the former preferred to indulge in minute description. Every paragraph by Mr. Wingrove Cooke was as exquisitely polished as if it had been written by a Frenchman. Redundancy and the use of long words, the common faults of the ready writer, he studiously shunned. Indeed, his letters are in every way the very reverse of ordinary newspaper letters. "Our own Correspondent," when he is not intolerably tedious, is intolerably vulgar. His compositions are destitute of wit, and overflow with slang. When he attempts to be pointed, he only succeeds in being personal. Mr. Wingrove Cooke was distinguished from other correspondents of newspapers, for his veracity. He reported nothing which he could not vouch for, apparently thinking it better to be chargeable with dullness than with carelessness about facts.

He was only fifty-one years old when he died. As he has been cut off in the vigour of his powers, his loss is the more to be deplored by every lover of literature.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART.

Sir John William Lubbock, Bart., F.R.S., died at his seat, High Elms, in Kent, on Tuesday last. Sir John was on the Committee and a Vice-President of the Royal Society, and was eminent as an astronomer and mathematician. He published his "Classification of Different Branches of Human Knowledge," in 1838, having previously written a little volume "On Eclipses and Occultations," in 1835. He likewise contributed some valuable papers to the "Philosophical Transactions." He was born on March 26, 1803. He was one of those rare men who attain an equally high position in the mercantile and the scientific world, his aptitude for business being rivalled by his zeal in acquiring knowledge, and his aim being, not the acquisition of wealth only, but also the culture of his mind and the diffusion of sound and liberal views among his fellow-men.

SIR JOHN RICHARDSON.

SIR JOHN RICHARDSON, C.B., F.R.S., whose death we put on record the week before last, was born in the year 1787, and was consequently when he died, on the 5th of the present month, in his seventy-eighth year.

Of the sixty-five years which this century now counts, well-nigh the full tale can be accounted for by the dates and periods of his many and varied labours. Sir John Richardson was engaged in no less than three Arctic expeditions—one at the age of thirty-two, under Sir J. Franklin, during the years 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822; a second at the age of thirty-eight, under the same chief, during the years 1825, 1826, 1827; and a third at the ripe age of sixty-one, during the years 1848, 1849. Eight entire years he spent in the Arctic regions; and, though round them there has gathered a halo of fame as brilliant and as strange as the Northern aurora, we must not, while we strive to give and to get a fair estimate of the character of the man who has just passed from amongst us, suffer it to blind our eyes to the contemplation of the twenty-seven more placid and less eventful years of his medical life in England; of another period of eight years spent in active service in the stirring times of 1807-1815; of the last, and perhaps not least happy, ten years of his life, spent by the shores of pleasant Grasmere. His scientific life, again, is something distinct from all this; and, though it first took root in the unoccupied ground which his Arctic travels put at his disposal, it can well bear to be considered apart, and, possessing a dry light of its own, it needs no oblique illumination either from the

OBITUARY.

GEORGE WINGROVE COOKE.

THE world of letters has lost one of its distinguished ornaments by the untimely death of Mr. Wingrove Cooke. He was an author whose versatility cannot easily be paralleled. He wrote with equal power and ease solid historical works, elaborate law treatises, and the lightest of newspaper letters. He was a good scholar, a trustworthy narrator, a lawyer whose acquaintance with certain

brilliant lustre of exploratory, or from the lurid flicker of martial, enterprise. Sir John Richardson entered the Royal Navy as an assistant-surgeon in 1807, having an Edinburgh diploma and some six or seven years of good, honest preparation to qualify him for his work. He was present at the taking of Copenhagen, in the September of that year, and witnessed, with much disgust, the perpetration of the *fiasco* known as "the Convention of Cintra," in the August of the one that followed. In this same year, and before the age of twenty-one, he was raised to the rank of surgeon to a seventy-four, in acknowledgment of his coolness and bravery shown in two unsuccessful night attacks on the enemy's boats in the Tagus. This was rapid promotion, but after this service on the coast of Portugal, Richardson seems to have fallen into a somewhat unexciting round of cruising and convoying, off Toulon, in the Baltic, on the West African coast, and at Quebec, till the years of Canadian and Georgian warfare in 1813 and 1814. With these latter somewhat buccaneering expeditions, little creditable in execution and less in design to the Government which sent them out, Richardson's acquaintance with actual warfare ended, and, with one momentous exception, from 1814 to the day of his death he never, so far as we know, saw another shot fired in anger.

His services were not accepted, though they were offered, for the short war of 1815; and the young surgeon of eight and twenty sat himself down in Blenheim Street, and studied anatomy for two years there under Mr. Brookes. His zeal for self-improvement was soon to meet with its due reward. Though he was in appearance, as we have heard, "but a stripling" at this period, he yet found favour in the discerning eyes of Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Robert Brown, and Captain Franklin. On volunteering for the first Arctic Overland Expedition under the last-named of those three famous men, his services were accepted, and a direction and colouring was given to his whole life henceforward by the new field thus opened to his labours, and the new friend thus gained for his affections.

Of the heroes of Sir J. Franklin's first Overland Expedition, Sir George Back, some ten years junior to Sir John Richardson, is now the only survivor; but—

Long shall the tale be told;

as long as Faith and Duty are the English sailor's watchwords, and long after certain modern tales of travel shall have passed from the realm of abhorrence into that of oblivion. Dr. Richardson was, in the course of this expedition, constrained to put to death an Indian who, there is no reasonable doubt, had murdered three members of the expedition, and was actually feeding on their flesh. Of this transaction the brave man who had twice served in night attacks on the French in the Tagus, and had more recently striven, in default of boats and in aid of his companions, to swim the icy Coppermine river alone, writes thus (p. 458 Sir J. Franklin's Narrative, 1823): "Had my own life alone been threatened, I would not have purchased it by such a measure." It is not always that such stories are so told; and it should be added that Sir John Richardson, in after days, never made the matter, as such matters sometimes are made, a subject of ordinary conversation.

His scientific life began with the publication, in 1823, of Sir John Franklin's Narrative. In the appendix to that work we find "Geognostical Observations, Remarks on the Aurora Borealis, Notices of Fishes, and a Botanical Appendix, by Dr. Richardson;" and in the Introduction written, by Sir J. Franklin, we read (p. xiv.) as follows: "To Dr. Richardson in particular the exclusive merit is due of whatever collections and observations have been made in the department of natural history; and I am indebted to him in no small degree for his friendly advice and assistance in the preparation of the present narrative." This paragraph we commend to the attention, not only of the naval surgeon, but also of the naval captain; both may, perhaps, learn a lesson therefrom.

The mammalia and birds of Sir Edward Parry's voyage had their natural history given to the world by Dr. Richardson in the very year (1825) in which he sailed a second time with Franklin to the Polar regions. In this second Overland Expedition Dr. Richardson was detached from Sir John Franklin, on the special duty of surveying the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers—a task which, under other auspices, he was once more to go through two-and-twenty years later. Dr. Richardson tells, in some hundred pages of the

book published by Sir John Franklin in 1828, his own story of his own expedition, and the nineteen hundred and eighty miles they travelled over in the seventy-one days of their absence.

It is interesting to remark that Dr. Richardson shows, in an appendix to the work just mentioned, that he had a perception of the fact—set out recently in plainer terms by Professor Tyndall—that it is the comparative absence of aqueous vapour from the air, and not, as Professor Daniel in those days had suggested, the comparative shallowness of the atmosphere near the Poles, which accounted for the greater power possessed by the sun's rays in high latitudes. (See p. cxi. of Appendix, op. cit.)

The chief scientific fruit, however, of the second Arctic Expedition, so far as Dr. Richardson was concerned, is represented by the truly magnificent work, "Fauna Boreali-Americana." It appeared in several quarto volumes from 1829 to 1837.

The ten years from 1828 to 1838 were spent by Dr. Richardson at Melville Hospital, Chatham; the ten from 1838 to 1848 at Haslar; the two, 1848 and 1849, in a third Arctic overland and boat journey; the years from 1850 to 1855 were spent at Haslar; and the last ten years of his life at Lancrigg, near Grasmere. Sir John Richardson was knighted in 1846. These thirty-seven years were fertile in work—work scientific, work philanthropic, work exploratory, which last combined the characters of the two first.

Sir John Richardson's scientific writings fill up some twenty volumes, treating mainly of the zoology of mammals, birds, and fishes, and most instructively of the distribution of species. The "Fauna Boreali-Americana" is almost first in point of time, as it is quite in point of size and importance. "The Polar Regions," on the other hand, a moderate-sized octavo, which appeared in 1861, and was nearly, though not quite, the last work he published, is, perhaps, the most generally interesting of all his writings. In his own modest opinion, it was "a very dull book;" but from this, almost alone of his sentiments, we strongly dissent. In his latter years, as may be seen from the last-mentioned work, Sir John Richardson took great interest in ethnological and linguistic studies; and the excellent preparation and the well-balanced judgment which forty years of zoological study had conferred upon him made him, as a similar course of study has made the not dissimilar character, Von Baer, a true and a trustworthy anthropologist. The museum at Haslar owes its very existence to his zeal and energy; and to their connexion with that establishment, whilst it was under his management, we believe Dr. Baikie, Dr. Andrew Clarke, and Professor Huxley ascribe something of the fame and success which they have subsequently attained. In dealing with young men, Sir John Richardson was careful to provide opportunities and give chances where he observed signs of promise and talent; and to this not over-ordinarily observed generosity of character the dedication of the Ray Society's Oceanic Hydrozoa speaks in plain and pleasing terms.

We pass, perhaps abruptly, from Sir John's scientific to his philanthropic work, and amongst this we may prominently mention the great improvement which, at this selfsame Haslar, he effected in the condition and treatment of lunatic sailors. He had, of course, to meet the usual opposition from officials in whom long familiarity with the details of administration had narrowed the mind and hardened the heart; but he finally carried his point, and had the daily satisfaction of watching from his own windows the actual working of the humane plans he had advocated.

His administrative ability was most conspicuous. His purely medical and professional duties he discharged with an energy and punctuality which were the constant subject of remark even in those days, and which were in later days, at Grasmere, when his dislike to the practice of medicine had not to be kept under, a daily proof, to those who were acquainted with both phases of his life, of his never-failing conscientiousness.

Friendship and enterprise never shone out more brightly than they did in Sir John's third Arctic Expedition, in search this time for, not in company with, Sir John Franklin, his "dear friend." At the age of sixty-one, he undertook once again to explore the same ice-bound seaboard, between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine rivers, which he had explored in the interests of geographical science at the age of thirty-eight. He has himself told the story of this chivalrous undertaking in the two volumes of the "Boat Voyage," but many volumes might be written on the lesson and example which that story furnishes.

He returned for another half-dozen years to

Haslar, from 1849 to 1855, when, being passed over by the Government which "took care of Dowb," he retired from the service in which he had spent nearly half a century. Ten years of physical and literary activity at the Lakes showed how little justification Sir John's age furnished for his being thus set aside. During these ten years, from his sixty-eighth to his seventy-eighth year, he was on constant duty as a magistrate and as a chairman of meetings; he visited Rome and Naples, and carried through the press five volumes or more of revisions of scientific, and especially ichthyological, works.

For those who had not the privilege of knowing Sir John Richardson personally, it is well to say yet a few more words as to his private character. Forgetfulness of self, and thoughtfulness for others, were the most prominent features in his daily life and bearing. His courteousness was not merely that which is so usually found, perhaps necessarily engendered, in men who have travelled and transacted much; but it was that which, springing from an honest and good heart, bears fruit in prevision and provision for the wants and feelings even of the absent and helpless. He would walk miles and miles to call upon a humble curate, and he would hang about in a ball-room till three in the morning, in attendance on a young lady in her teens. "*Nusquam magis quam in minimis tota est natura.*"

He retained throughout life, firmly and unaltered, the form of faith which had supported and comforted him and his unhappy friend Lieutenant Hood in his first Arctic Expedition. The combativeness which is possessed at one time or other of their lives by all good men militant here in earth, had, when the writer of these lines knew him, long ago found and done its appropriate work, and, having departed, had left no other traces of its former existence than those which the square-hewn manly outlines of his character bore evidence to. His life being one of truth, kindness, and charity, the heaven of conduct and character had begun with him here on earth; he had, in the words of the Poet—

Found the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

MISCELLANEA.

WE have just learned the particulars of a sad act of vandalism on the part of a French general. Our readers have probably heard of the several historical inscriptions carved upon the face of a rock near Beyrout, in Syria. The first was by the Egyptian King, Rameses II., who after defeating the Philistines passed this spot upon the coast on his march northward. It was written in hieroglyphics, within a square border. The second was by an Assyrian king, either Sennacherib or Shalmaneser, who boastfully sculptured his record by the side of that of the great Egyptian conqueror. This is in the arrow-headed characters, and a cast of it is in the British Museum. In a later century, a Roman general recorded his march through the country by an inscription cut on a lower part of the same rock; and later still an Arab general did the same. Each in his turn respected the previous inscriptions, and was contented to place his own beside them. But, unfortunately, two or three years ago, a French army was in possession of the same coast, and the general, with a bad taste which we should hardly have expected from a nation professing to be so civilized, has recorded the glories of the French armies under Napoleon III. within the square border which once held the Egyptian inscription. We have lately been shown a photograph of the rock in its present state, proving the fact as above stated, which we might otherwise have doubted—namely, that the Egyptian inscription has been thus destroyed; an inscription which confirmed the account of Herodotus, that the Egyptians marched through that country, and which confirmed the account in the Bible, that the Israelites under the Judges had not yet reached to the coast of the Mediterranean, and explained the wars of Samson against the Philistines, by showing that the latter had been already routed by the Egyptians. The photograph above spoken of gives us the melancholy news that this most important record no longer exists.

THE Duke of Buccleuch has presented a fine portrait of Thomas Campbell, the poet, to the National Portrait Gallery. It was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his best and most solid manner, for Mr. James Thompson, of Cli-

theroe, a Lancashire worthy, a great patron both of art and literature in his time. A bust portrait of Father Mathew, with the Temperance badge round his neck, and spiritedly painted by Mr. Leahy, has also been added to the collection.

WE are happy to announce that, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, a "Sanskrit Text Society" has been founded, "for the purpose of publishing important Sanskrit works belonging to the ancient and mediæval literature of India." The President of the Society is H.R.H. the Duc D'Aumale; its Vice-Presidents are the Belgian Minister, Mr. Van de Weyer, and Lord Dufferin and Claneboye. Its honorary secretary is Mr. Octave Delepierre; and its principal editor, Professor Th. Goldstücker. Amongst its members we find the names of the Bishop of Oxford, Sir John Acton, Bart., M.P., Colonel Balfour, C.B., Henry Bohn, Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart., M.P., W. S. Fitzwilliams, Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, Bart., M.P., Sir John Peter Grant, K.C.B., Alexander J. B. Beresford-Hope, John Murray, Professor Dadabhai Naoroji, Sir Thomas Erskine Perry, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P., David Salomons, M.P., Sir John Simeon, Bart., William Sterling, M.P., Robert S. Turner. The first meeting of the society was held on the 19th inst., at the residence of the Belgian Minister, Mr. Van de Weyer, when after some introductory words of the Duc D'Aumale, Professor Goldstücker expressed his views of the objects of the society and its mode of operation. At the close of the discussion which ensued, the society elected a managing committee and a treasurer. The activity of the society, we understand, will begin forthwith; and it is to be hoped that it will prove a powerful support of Sanskrit studies in this country.

THE *National Review* is dead. During the ten years of its existence we have had to thank it for some of the best articles known in our quarterly review literature, and we regret it was so inadequately supported. But the men who gave it a reputation, we surely shall meet elsewhere.

THE Duke of Argyll has republished from the *Edinburgh Review* two essays, entitled, in the new form, "India under Dalhousie and Canning." His Grace says that, having been a member of the Cabinet which decided on the annexation of Oude, he has often been astonished by the "ignorant injustice" with which, on account of this transaction, the memory of Lord Dalhousie has been assailed. Mr. Arnold's work is described by the Duke as a conspicuous failure in historical truth and in biographical fidelity; and Mr. Kaye is stated to never lose sight of certain preconceived theories. Most of the views taken in these essays by his Grace had the approval of the late Sir George C. Lewis, "whose knowledge on this, as well as on so many other subjects, was as large and accurate as his judgment was always thoroughly free from prejudice."

THE Indian papers still discuss with anxiety, in relation to the Indo-European telegraph, which seems at present to be working satisfactorily, "Will the cable hold?" The line, it will be remembered, passes up the Rhine, enters Austria, thence extends onward into Turkey and Constantinople. It crosses the Sea of Marmora, runs down westward through Asia Minor, on to Bagdad, along the valley of the Euphrates, and thence onward through a strip of Persia, and finally to Kurrachee. The length of the line must be at least six thousand miles. We must not forget that besides the ordinary chances of breakage, it is exposed to the malicious attacks of savage men, who can neither be cajoled nor coerced.

It is rarely that the starting of a new American journal calls for notice; but we hear promising things of one called *The Nation*, a weekly journal of politics, literature, science, and art, the first number of which is to appear on the 6th of next month. *The Nation* proposes "to discuss the topics of the day, and especially legal, economical, and constitutional questions, with care and accuracy. It will criticise books and works of art with freedom and impartiality. In politics it will advocate Democratic principles, and in regard to the coloured race it will earnestly contend for the removal of all artificial distinctions between them and the rest of the population, and the bestowal on them, as far as education, security, and justice can do it, of an equal chance in the race of life." The list of contributors leads us to expect that *The Nation* will be one of the leading journals of America, and will be free from the extravagances of the ordinary American press.

THE first anniversary meeting of the German Society in London for Science, Art, and Literature, took place on Saturday evening, the 10th inst., when Dr. Kinkel, the President of the society, gave a survey of its origin and development. The society had been formed for the purpose of uniting into one body the numerous but scattered German representatives of Science, Art, and Literature resident in this country. Each member is bound to read a paper (in German, of course) when his turn comes. Political and religious controversies are strictly excluded. To give some idea of the activity of the society during the past year of its existence, we may mention that the subjects treated of by the different members related to history, philology, mythology, chemistry, natural history, technical sciences, art, and general literature. We may name, for instance, such papers as "On Sturleson's Heimskrengla," by the President; "On Andreas Gryphius," by Professor Heimann, Vice-President of the society; "On Popular Etymology, and its Influence on the Formation of Myths," by Professor Goldstücker, Vice-President of the society; "On the Statues recently Bought from the Farnese Collection for the British Museum," by Mr. E. Deutsch, of the British Museum; "On Spectrum Analysis and its Application to Chemistry," by Professor Hofmann; "On the Fidji Islands," by Dr. Seemann; "On the Constitutional History of the English Press," by Professor Buchheim, Hon. Secretary of the society, &c., &c. At the anniversary meeting, the distinguished journalist, Dr. Kaufmann, read a highly ingenious and amusing paper "On the Lion and the Unicorn." The President, in a masterly summary, testified also to the satisfactory financial condition of the society, and congratulated its members on their numerous attendance at its meetings, and the large supply of excellent papers furnished by them.

WE see by the China papers that an "Alpine Club" has been formed at Kiukiang. It has held its first meeting on the summit of the mountain behind the settlement, said to be 5,000 feet high, and very difficult of ascent.

IN February last year the Manchester Statistical Society appointed an Educational Committee, including the President of the Society—a medical man of large practice, and a magistrate in the district—the coroner for the city, and other gentlemen of well-known standing and capacity, to obtain statistics of the condition of the people there, it having been publicly asserted that there were in Manchester and Salford more than 50,000 children who ought to be at school, and are not. The committee called in to its assistance several gentlemen, clergymen, and schoolmasters, and others, in close and daily intercourse with the people among whom the inquiry was to be prosecuted, besides obtaining the private advice of the head police inspector. After two or three preliminary meetings, a paid agent of proved efficiency and tact was engaged to investigate a district, carefully selected and mapped out by visits continued during many weeks, from house to house. The results are about to be published.

IN September, after the elections, and when the country will have been surfeited with politics, the British Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its meeting at Birmingham, under the presidency of Professor Phillips. The first gathering will be on September 6th. The local secretaries are the Rev. G. D. Boyle, Mr. J. H. Chamberlain, and Mr. W. Mathews, jun.

NOTWITHSTANDING a recent decision of the Privy Council in his favour, the income of the Bishop of Natal is still withheld, and a suit has been instituted, as our readers are aware, in the Court of Chancery, with a view to obtain the payment. Considerable delay will necessarily attend these proceedings, and partly on this account, and partly also to testify their sense of what they conceive to be the services rendered by the bishop to the cause of free expression of opinion within the Church, it has been determined by some of his friends to raise a fund to be presented to him. The general committee consists of Mr. George Busk, F.R.S., Sir James Clarke, M.D., F.R.S., Rev. G. W. Cox, Mr. E. Crawford, F.R.S., Sir John Gardiner, Bart., Mr. Henry Huth, Rev. A. H. Johnson, Sir Chas. Lyell, Bart., F.R.S., Major-General Lang, Mr. F. Muir, D.C.L., Rev. W. B. Wilson, Professor B. Jowett, Mr. T. H. Farrer, Professor J. Tyndall, F.R.S., and Mr. John Westlake. The last four will also act as trustees to the fund. The first list of subscriptions amounts to upwards of 1,500*l*. We notice amongst the subscribers, in addition to the committee, Rev.

W. Berkeley, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Sir John Bowring, Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., Rev. Geo. W. Cox, Mr. E. A. Darwin, Mr. W. H. Flower, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Professor Frankland, Dr. Gray, Mr. Geo. Grote, F.R.S., Mr. J. Heywood, F.R.S., the Earl of Lovelace, Rev. William Rogers, Mr. Samuel Sharpe, Mr. John Simon, F.R.S., Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, Sir J. Emerson Tennent, F.R.S., Mr. James Yates, F.R.S., &c. It is stated to be the wish of Bishop Colenso to return immediately to Natal, to resume his duties there.

M. CHERVIN, director of the Institution des Begues at Lyons, has communicated to a meeting at the Sorbonne some curious statistics on stammering, embracing a period of ten years, from 1852 to 1862, and derived from the trustworthy archives of the Ministry of War. They show that, within that period, 6,773 conscripts were exempted from military service on account of stammering; and that the decennial average of such cases is three in 1,000 for all France, and 5 in 1,000 for the department of the Seine. M. Chervin added to his report a map of the geographical distribution of stammerers in France, which shows that the North contains fewer sufferers from this infirmity than the South, the North-East being most free from this defect, and the South-East the most afflicted.

WE are requested to state that on and after July 1st the National Portrait Gallery will be open to the public three days in the week—namely, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. During the months of July and August the Gallery will be open from ten to six, and during September from ten to five. From October 1st to April 1st the Gallery will be closed at four o'clock.

THE sixth of the series of social meetings at Exeter Hall, in connexion with the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, 150, Strand, W.C., took place on Tuesday evening last, Lord Lyttleton, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair. Lord Lyttleton said that he had great pleasure in introducing to the meeting the Rev. F. D. Maurice; and they all knew that Mr. Maurice never treated any subject without casting new light upon it. Mr. Maurice then read a paper on the "Duties of Citizenship." He defined "citizen" as equivalent to a free man; a free man was a citizen. A savage was furthest removed from and opposed to a citizen, and the condition of a savage was that of a slave to natural laws and demands; these became his masters. It might be replied, that such was not found to be the case, and with this assertion he agreed, because there was no such thing as a perfect savage; but so far as a man could become a savage, so far he became a slave. No man was intended to be a savage, but to be a citizen—to have beneficial relationship with his fellow-men, and they with him. A slave could have no claims upon his master; although in that relationship it might be found, in fact, that his master acknowledged the slave's claims and the slave his duties; but this was so, just because there could not be such a thing as a perfect slave. So far as the slave had duties to his master, or the master to the slave, so far the one ceased to be owned and the other to be the owner. A mere child of nature can have no rights, just because he is a slave. The citizen is the reverse of "slave," but identical with "servant;" his service is civil service, and that is the very condition of every man's existence as a citizen. Henry IV. found the service which he had undertaken as Sovereign hard, because he had not received that service as a duty, but as a luxury. Richard II. lost his crown [by or] through making the same great mistake. We are all bound to go through some tasks, and to go through them as our duties, if we would maintain our characters as citizens and freemen.

A NEW publication, called *The Bat*, a "Tuesday journal of politics and society," has appeared during the week. It is in imitation, somewhat servilely perhaps, of *The Owl*, the conductors, however, professing to joke in the Conservative interest, while *The Owl* is faithful to Cambridge House.

THE startling mortality among the attendants of the British Museum, six or seven having been carried off within an interval of a few months, must have the early attention of the trustees. The atmosphere of the Museum is declared to be favourable to pulmonary disease, and the *employés* now breathe it for many long hours, the liberty of leaving the building during refreshment time having been recently withdrawn.

SIR BARTLE FRERE, in his address to the last convocation of the Bombay University, thus alluded to the new native Fellows of the Senate:

"Mr. Kursondass Madhowdass has by a long and consistent course of self-sacrifice inseparably connected his name with the cause of truth, enlightenment, and civilization in India. I feel assured that the spirit which has actuated him will give a life and vigour to the action of the university, and to its connexion with a most important section of the Hindoo community, which cannot but produce important results. We welcome Luximon as the most eminent of native mathematicians in Western India. (Applause.) Dr. Muncherjee Byramjee Cola and Rao Sahib Mahiputram Roopram have both established similar claims to a seat in your Senate. They have visited the great universities of Europe, and have thence brought back something of those Western views of true learning and mental discipline on which we must act in this university, if we hope to attain that position which centuries of well-deserved labour and study have given to the universities of Europe. To Mr. Madhowrow Govind Ranadee, I would offer an especial welcome, as the first of what I trust will be a long and distinguished roll of Fellows who will look to this university as their own mother in learning."

At Oxford, on Wednesday, the following gentlemen were admitted to the honorary degree of D.C.L.: The Right Hon. Lord Lyons, M.A., Christ Church, G.C.B., Her Majesty's late Minister at Washington; Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Rose, G.C.B., K.S.I., late Commander-in-Chief in India; Count Melchior de Vogué, Member of the Imperial Society of Antiquaries, Correspondent of the Archaeological Institute of Rome, &c.; the Hon. John Alexander Macdonald, Executive Councillor in Canada, and Attorney-General of Upper Canada; Henry James Sumner Maine, LL.D., Trinity Hall, Cambridge, &c., Legislative Member of the Supreme Council of India, late Regius Professor of Laws in the University of Cambridge; Robert Christison, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica, Edinburgh; William Stokes, M.D., Regius Professor of Physic, Trinity College, Dublin.

"DENOMINATIONAL education" is becoming the cry of every party in the State. During the week the cause of "mixed education," as it is called, has been injured, so far as relates to the experiment in Ireland, commenced with such golden promise a few years ago, by the proffer of the Government to the Roman Catholics to affiliate a purely Roman Catholic College to the Queen's University at Dublin. The examination for degrees in arts, or law, or medicine, will be conducted by the authorities at the latter institution, while the preparation of the Roman Catholics can take place in a sectarian college. Party exigencies rather than disappointment in the results of the Belfast, Cork, and Galway Colleges, have brought this compromise about. The scheme, of course, will not stop here. Already it is assumed that the professors of the sectarian college must be added to the examining board; and there are ominous hints—suggestive of another Maynooth—that when even this is gained we shall be brought to face the fact of "four colleges associated on equal terms in one university, but three of them exclusively Protestant and largely endowed, the fourth Roman Catholic, but neglected by the State, though requiring aid more than all the rest."

SEVERAL gentlemen, it seems, have volunteered their services to form an embassy to Abyssinia, with the object of obtaining the release of the captive Englishmen. Dr. Beke suggests that the embassy should occupy itself chiefly in forming friendly relations with the king, by pointing out to him the internal commercial resources of his country, rather than by involving England in political disputes between Egypt and Abyssinia. Dr. Beke has offered his services to our Government, should this mission be deemed desirable.

THE Working Men's Club and Institute Union, for promoting the social, mental, and moral welfare and recreation of the working classes, No. 150, Strand, is formed for the purpose of helping working men to establish clubs and institutes, where they can meet for conversation, business, and mental improvement, with the means of recreation and refreshment, without being dependent for these purposes upon the public-house; the clubs, at the same time, constituting societies for mutual helpfulness in various ways. The club-rooms in every locality form the strongest counteraction to those evils which spring from frequenting the public-house, and which arise far more from the desire for company or social enjoyment, a warm fireside and well-lighted room, than in the love of drink-

ing for its own sake. Home, if he have one, as a general rule, is the best place for any man, in any rank, when his day's work is done. But we must deal with facts as we find them, and must remember the number who have very limited domestic accommodation, or none at all. Good homes will not be deserted for the club. In any case, men make home all the happier, on returning to it, for an occasional hour spent in cheerful companionship, or in improving or amusing occupation, when relieved from wasteful or demoralizing temptations. It is impossible for most working men, as at present circumstanced, to enjoy at home any of those blessings so prized by the classes above them, which come from the refining and elevating influences of music, literature, science, and art generally. They are condemned for the most part to a monotonous routine of mechanical drudgery, with the only variety of a pot of beer and their pipe, or of such amusements as are surrounded by contaminating influences, and are in themselves too often objectionable. The extent to which working men suffer from their dependence, also, upon the public-house for business purposes is an immense evil, and one that is still inadequately appreciated. The report of the Registrar of Friendly Societies gives evidence of the incalculable injury resulting therefrom, not merely to those societies, but also to the character and the habits of their members. Gradually, however, the proposed clubs and institutes will become the centres of various working men's societies, such as friendly societies, freehold and building associations, co-operative societies, circulating libraries for the district temperance societies, and of any similar agencies calculated to improve the condition of the working classes. The aim of the Union in all cases is to help working men to help themselves, rather than to establish or manage institutions for them—this being as essential for the moral usefulness as for the permanent success of our endeavours. But it is not one of the least recommendations of this movement, that it is pre-eminently calculated, in every stage of it, to promote that mutual sympathy and friendly intercourse, as well as that interchange of benefits between the different classes and sections of society, which is not more stringently required by Christianity than needed for the preservation of social order and national progress. Recreation must go hand in hand with education and temperance, if we would have real and permanent improvement. The council seek to carry out the objects of the Union—I. By correspondence with the officers of existing associations throughout the kingdom. 2. By personal visits, by their own officers and by honorary deputations, to such places as may seem to require to be visited. At these visits conferences are frequently held with the gentry, the working men, and generally with persons in the locality who may be interested in the movement. 3. By the dissemination of pamphlets, or special papers, on subjects lying within the sphere of the society's operations, in addition to a monthly magazine. 4. By supplying instructions for the guidance of persons who may wish to establish clubs or institutes; together with rules to define their objects, and to regulate their proceedings. 5. By grants or loans of books for club libraries, apparatus, diagrams, &c., to societies in membership with the Union, in cases where local circumstances may seem to call for such aid. 6. By grants of money in special cases, by way of loan or otherwise, towards building, enlarging, or altering club-houses, or procuring recreation grounds, for societies in the Union. An annual subscription of 1*l.*, or a donation of 10*l.*, constitutes the contributor a member of the Union.

PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE, who, it is said, will be appointed by the Imperial Government President of the Universal Exhibition Commission, is better known in England than any member of the Imperial Family. He is a nephew of Napoleon I.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following comments on the paragraph in last week's READER relating to the new work by Dr. Strauss: "1. Strauss can hardly be supposed under any circumstances to have been *fashionable*, nor is he ever likely to become so—his book is a book for scholars and thinkers, and you know best how very limited is their number. 2. The new 'Life of Jesus' is not a new edition of the old book, but a perfectly new one. While embodying all the best results of later criticism, it is not only shorter than the former one by the same author; it differs from it also in substituting the synthetical or narrative form for the

analytical, and is thus altogether of a more popular kind, an historical summary of results, instead of an investigation of a series of problems, assuming some things which it was formerly necessary to prove, and supplying many things which there it was impossible to have anticipated. 3. It has not 'been offered to a publisher as a gift,' in point of fact; and indeed the paragraph contradicts itself, by afterwards saying that a hundred pounds is asked for it; but even had it been so offered, is it very remarkable that a publisher should, in addition to the hundred pounds, which the writer supposes to have been asked, hesitate to expend several hundred pounds more in bringing out a book that never can be popular, and that will be some years before it can pay its expenses, if indeed it ever should do so?"

THE annual award of cadetships and distribution of medals and prizes took place at the Royal Naval School, New Cross, on Wednesday last, the President, Admiral Sir William Bowles, K.C.B., in the chair. The great school-room in which the ceremony took place was decorated with flags, evergreens, and floral devices. A large screen was covered with civil and military drawings by the pupils of Mr. E. A. Goodall, the drawing master of the institution. The Chairman, in a few preliminary remarks, referred to the highly satisfactory reports of the examiners—viz., the Rev. Dr. Major, of King's College, in classics; the Rev. F. W. Vinter, of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in mathematics; the Rev. T. Marzials, examiner at Eton, in French; and Dr. C. A. Wintzer, of King's College, and examiner at Eton, in German. Mr. Alfred Eames, the Secretary, having read these reports, the Chairman distributed the prizes as follows: The Marine Commission, J. Le C. Robilliard; Admiral the Hon. Sir F. Grey's Naval Cadetship, T. F. Pullen; Clerk's Assistant, Royal Navy, F. B. Mathias; the Vellum Medallion Certificate and extra prize of Books to the value of 3*l.* 3*s.*, J. S. Gamble; the Gold Medal, A. Allen; the Classical Silver Medal, H. Pilkington; the Mathematical Silver Medal, J. Le C. Robilliard; the Cookney Silver Medals for industry and good conduct to R. Donaldson, H. S. Baskerville and F. K. Belham. The first Naval Cadetship and Yarrowborough Scholarship, and the second Naval Cadetship, with a valuable Sextant, presented by Mr. Travers Wire, are not yet awarded.

MR. MAX MARETZKE has come to Europe to procure the necessary models for the scenery of "L'Africaine," which will be the feature of the next regular operatic season at New York. Mr. Maretzek has purchased the exclusive right of performing the opera in America, "which means, we suppose," says a New York contemporary, "that he has purchased the music from the widow of the deceased composer. We are at a loss to understand in what way she can confer rights."

ON the 30th, the partnership hitherto subsisting between Mr. George Routledge, Mr. F. Warne, and Mr. R. W. Routledge will terminate; and after that date business will be carried on by the Messrs. Routledge, under the title of George Routledge and Sons. The business was founded by the father nearly thirty years ago. Mr. F. Warne will continue the publishing trade and commission agency on his own account, under the name of Fredk. Warne and Co., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

MR. TEGG has just ready an engraving of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," of the same size as his recent print of Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time." He has just issued a large mezzotint portrait of "John Hampden," by John Burnet, and engravings of C. Sibley's "Grandmamma" and H. Barrand's "Keeper Going Out," engraved by G. S. Shury.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, and Co. have the following novels nearly ready for publication: "Noel; or, It was to Be," by Robert Baker and Skelton Yorke; "Faith Unwin's Ordeal," by Georgiana M. Craik; and "Shellburn," by Alexander Leighton. They will also publish in a few days, "Sesame and Lilies; or, Kings' Treasures and Queens' Gardens," two lectures by John Ruskin; "The Principles of Reform, Political and Legal," by John Boyd Kinnear; and "Three Great Teachers of our own Time—Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tennyson," by Alexander H. Japp.

ALPHONS DÜRR publishes a monthly list of Scandinavian and Dutch literature, under the title of "Alphons Dürr's Literatur Bericht."

in which the titles of the books are given in full, the size and number of pages indicated, and prices given in German money. Eight numbers have already appeared.

MR. BENTLEY will publish immediately "Astronomical Geology," by R. G. M. Browne, and a new volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs, entitled "France under Louis Philippe, from 1841 to 1847."

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW AND CO. have now ready a cheap edition of Captain C. F. Hall's "Life with the Esquimaux," a narrative of two years' adventures in the Arctic regions in search of the survivors of the Franklin Expedition, 1860-1-2, in one vol., with coloured plates and 100 woodcuts.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN have published "Cassell's Guide to Surrey," its history, antiquities, and topography, with map and illustrations; "Cassell's Guide to the Seaside," illustrated with views of all our principal watering-places, &c.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL will issue in a few days a volume entitled "Documents from Simancas," relating to the reign of Elizabeth, 1558-1568, translated from the Spanish of Don Tomas Gonzales, and edited, with notes and an introduction, by Mr. Spencer Hall. The "Simancas Papers" contain much of the exploded scandals of Queen Elizabeth and her Court, invented by that most scurrilous and unscrupulous adversary of the Reformation, Nicholas Saunders.

THE *Literarisches Centralblatt*, No. 25, reviews Ruge's valuable revision and translation of Buckle's "History of Civilization in England;" and Professor Percy's "Metallurgie, übertragen von Dr. F. Knapp, and Dr. H. Wedding." Both works in their German dress are greatly enlarged and improved. The *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, No. 24, has "Sketches of German, English, and French Student-life," Renan's "Reisen in Ägypten," and "Letters upon the European Stage," No. 2;—the *Europa*, No. 25, "Shakespeare als Mediciner;" "English Fairs and the Drama;" and "The Salmon;"—the *Daheim*, No. 36, a very interesting paper of recollections of the American War, by a German officer;—the *Berliner Revue*, XLI. 9, "Der Engländer in Polen;"—the *Serapeum*, No. 2, an account of the MSS. and early printed book in the Badian Library of St. Gall;—the *Ausland*, No. 23, "The Wines and Vineyards of Portugal;"—and *Aus der Natur*, No. 21, "The Bogs and Coals of Ireland."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STAGE AND ITS CRITICS.

No. II.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—Now that the friends of our present plays and present players have exhausted themselves, perhaps you will permit me one word more on the actual condition of the stage. The matter really concerns art in its highest sense. I learn that the discussions in your columns have already re-echoed in America, and, indeed, I am told the Teutonic MIND itself is awakening to the greatness of the subject. We may therefore expect something, and that before the century is out. May I first be permitted to express my admiration of the cultivated judgment shown in the theatrical criticisms which I have recently read in your columns. Nothing so truthful, so judicious, and so trenchant has appeared in English journals for years.

The gentleman who has observed Mr. Phelps "for sixteen years," and thinks that when I heard that actor he "was casting his pearls before swine;" the gentleman who desired to see my ears clipped off by the hangman (they have suffered worse torture at a tragedy!), and several others of your correspondents, have a little mistaken my meaning in supposing that I ever presumed to be the part of a professed critic of the drama. Far be it from me to aspire to such a task! A theatrical critic, I suppose, must (at least occasionally) go to the theatre; and I could not at present undertake to go to a London theatre more than once in six months without danger to my reason. Before I had witnessed half the "vast range of the parts" of Mr. Phelps, or all the acrobatic feats of Mr. Boucicault, I should bring on brain fever, and have as little of my ears left as my great namesake after his third clipping. No, no; I am no critic! But I have seen a good deal of acting

in my life; and I think I know when I am disgusted. I may need a surgeon to tell me *how* to mend my toes when they are crushed by a coal-heaver; but I think I can generally tell myself when that distressing and too common incident occurs. All that I ventured to assert was, that, having in a moment of weakness gone to see a tragedy, I spent a miserable night, and in the bitterness of my soul I asked why it was that to men of real cultivation the theatres of London are virtually closed.

As to Mr. Phelps, or anybody else, let it not be supposed for a moment that I wish to single out for attack any industrious, albeit ridiculous, artist. Far be it from me to say that Bottom the Weaver, or Snug the Joiner, or any of them, are not honest fellows, who try to amuse us. Good! but let us laugh! We pay our money, and may take our pleasure our own way! If I mentioned Mr. Phelps by name, it was simply that he is the most eminent and indefatigable of a large school. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, whether the crown be pasteboard or gold. *Noblesse oblige*; and when one plays the kings and counts, one is a mark for the critic as well as for the enemy. Against Mr. Phelps as a man, as a father, as a citizen (I trust he is a good Liberal!), as a declaimer, as a hard-working public servant, I have not a word. Let us shake hands. I will grant, if you wish it, that there are worse actors. Be it so. Let us meet half way. Let us say, not to cavil, that he shows "wonderful senility" in his *Shallow*, and that "true genius" may be seen in his *Bottom*. Frankly I confess that I never saw him but once, and shall never see him again. That night of agony fades away upon the memory, like a toothache or a bad dinner, and I again am calm. "That great man" and I meet no more to trouble each other on this earth. He descends before me like the ghost in "Hamlet," down a trap-door among the carpenters; and I hear him feebly gurgling under the boards. *Faa-a-erre—thee-e-e wa-a-a-le—gra-a-a-te Mahn! Fa-a-a-erre wa-a-a-le*.

But what if I had used other names? Suppose I had asked why Mr. Charles Kean should look on Shakespeare as mere material for an enterprising showman; on what grounds Mr. Creswick thinks ancient warriors behaved like prize fighters; on what historical data Mr. Ryder bases his idea that kings and counts in past ages were particularly repulsive ruffians?

But really I must stop. Doubtless every one of these gentlemen has his *coterie*, who will be comparing me to "swine," or wanting to clip the remnant of my tortured ears.

Now, Sir, the question which I ventured to ask, and for which I still pause for the reply, is simply this—Where in London can a man with a cultivated love for poetry and a healthy judgment in acting spend an evening of rational and profitable enjoyment; and, if he cannot, why can he not? Now this, of course, involves at least three different requisites. First, a drama in which an educated mind can take a serious interest of itself. Secondly, the leading characters sustained, if not with genius, with thoughtful and cultivated skill (on a level at least with Mr. Fechter's). Thirdly, the subordinate parts without exception, the whole *mise-en-scène*, the accessories the super-numeraries, the scenery, the music—in a word the *tone*—thoroughly artistic, quiet, and harmonious. This latter requisite a manager of real taste can secure, whatever his materials or resources may be, by simply repressing vulgarity and display.

It may be said that this is to ask too much. It is nothing of the kind. It is to be found in Germany, in France, in Italy, and in England occasionally at the Italian Opera. A hundred years ago, two hundred years ago, it was universal in England. When Goldsmith, Johnson, and Burke went to see Garrick act; when Pope Addison, Swift, and Gay, sat side by side in the boxes—to say nothing of the ages of Dryden and Otway, of Congreve and Wycherley, Jonson and Shakespeare—when such men wrote, managed, frequented, and criticised stage plays, does anybody suppose they listened to vulgar rubbish like "Brother Sam," or heard their favourite parts blurted out by mouthers like Mr. Ryder? Garrick may have played Macbeth in a Court dress, but I doubt if he suffered it to be interlarded with a "salmigondi" fit for a music hall. It is not so many generations since poets, wits, essayists, philosophers, and orators found a fund of intellectual delight in the stage. With the stage and its frequenters some of the noblest traditions of our literature are bound up. The day was in England when the stage had a high social and intellectual function in the civilization of our country, and that day will come again. The foul rout of Comus has burst in upon the

Muse of the drama, and she sits enchanted, insulted, mute, but unstained amidst their obscene gambols. Senseless horseplay is the staple of the native modern productions. If a great drama is revived, it is only as a background for the posture-man, the ballet-master, the scene-painter, the pyrotechnist, and the dressmaker.

Any one who knows anything of Goethe and Schiller, their lives, their labours, and their work, knows how high an intellectual and educational function the stage performs in Germany. No one can frequent the theatres there without feeling that this spirit still survives, that cultivated men look to it for real profit and enjoyment, that it is on a level with the rest of the literary field, that dramas, acting, and "effect" are all worthy of serious attention. The stage in Germany is worthy of a rational people. The same, in a less degree, is true of Italy, for the stage there is chiefly lyric. But any one who has seen Ristori play Alfieri's great tragedies, and has been able to feel the grandeur of the poet and the genius of the interpreter, has received a high intellectual treat such as no London playgoer can remotely conceive. When one comes to remember Rachel in *Phèdre* one is altogether in another and still higher sphere, of which it is impossible to give the faintest notion to the purely English audience. The difference between a play at the Princess's or Haymarket and a play at the Français is the difference between the "Perfect Cure" at the Alhambra and Herr Joachim performing Beethoven. This is exactly a difference, however, which a shopboy cannot see.

The other day I saw at the Français, Alfred de Musset's "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour." The play is not faultless—the acting was not unapproachable; but the grace, the propriety, the delicacy of the whole representation, left on my mind the memory of one of the most touching little idylls, one of the sweetest fancies which were ever realized to the imagination as a living and embodied poem. Why, in the age and country of Tennyson, is everything impossible on our stage but dissolving views—or balderdash?

That which constitutes the charm, the grace, the propriety of a good foreign stage, apart from real genius in acting, is what I despair to explain to any one who has not seen it. But if the English playgoer would just take the trouble to go to the opera some night when Mario, Ronconi, and Patti play the "Barber," he may get some general notion of what "keeping" and "tone" in a play means. He will see first one of the wittiest, easiest, gayest comedies ever written—I mean quite apart from the witchery of that immortal music. He will see everything graceful, harmonious, and picturesque, the very mirror of noble bearing in a man, the very flower of sparkling grace in a woman, the very spirit of drollery and wicked wit; and all this with a general effect produced by quiet scenery, refined costume, simple *mise-en-scène*, which insensibly fills us with the true aroma of Spanish antique life.

Now, if all this is possible at the Opera, why is it impossible at the theatre? Is it likely that a man who has an eye and an ear for this can sit out such coarse nonsense as "Cupid and Psyche," or such *tableaux vivants* as "Bel Demonio"? Is it likely that the authors of the "Dunciad," or of "The Lives of the Poets," or of the "Vicar of Wakefield," ever went to theatres where they were liable to see forward girls singing comic songs, and leading actors playing clown's tricks in the back-scenes? What is found in most countries of Europe now, what was found in England till the last generation, is certainly not impossible. What is needed is a wholesome criticism, to recall and train the vitiated public taste. For as things now are, I can see very little to choose between the theatres and the music-halls.

Several of the gentlemen who have so loudly taken me to task seem scarcely to understand what my complaint is. I daresay there are two or three actors now going who are decidedly clever caricaturists; and some who can play plain parts in a sprightly and natural way. I daresay there are. But what is that to me? I want, first, a drama which is a real intellectual treat in itself. Now can those lively gentlemen play from beginning to end and every part and scene of the "School for Scandal" or the "Good Natured Man," to speak of nothing higher, without making me writhe?

Some one asks why do I not go to see "Arrah-na-pogue." Why? Simply because it gives me no pleasure to see a saucy Irishman jump into a mattress or climb up an ivy wall. Why, says another, do I not, if I can pardon a bad play for

good acting—but I cannot pardon a bad play. I say, if I am to withdraw myself from my other occupations for an evening, *imprimis*, the play must be good. Some one says that Mr. Phelps, though a wretched Macbeth, is a remarkable Bottom. Well, to my mind, no actor of the least intelligence (especially if he be manager as well) ever plays parts for which he is absurdly unfit. The comic father at the Français would die before he would put on the sword of the "Cid." As I said at first, what I require are three things—a really good play, which forms or aspires to form part of the literature of our country; the leading parts ably filled; the subordinate parts, the accessories, and the effect, refined, intelligent, and sober. What is the use of my being told that there are two or three cleverish players? Mr. Sothorn, I grant, has a very happy genius for a special form of caricature. He may be an actor. But he has not proved it. Let us see him play Sheridan. I rather doubt, moreover, if a real actor would consent to appear in such rampant stuff, and amid such impossible vulgarity, as that of the rest of the company of his famous pieces. Miss Bateman is certainly sweetly pretty, always graceful, and can be tender. But then she is a doll. And even from such charming lips it gives me a cold shudder to hear a young lady tell us that "mnigh lauve is tr(n)ue." Mr. Fechter is a good average actor, who can play well nearly all but great parts, and if he would get together a decent company and play rational plays, I would not mind taking a stall at his house. But I shall not go to see dioramas, or translations of French melodramas. Do not think I am hypercritical, or that I ask for the impossible. Mr. Alfred Wigan seems to me a sterling actor, intelligent and cultivated. Mr. Charles Kean in refined, Mr. Frank Mathews in broad, comedy is quite satisfactory. The former in Shakespeare, of course, is ridiculous, and even his Louis XI., to my taste, is noisy and weak. Miss Kate Terry appears to me a charming actress; but as yet I have had no means of judging her power in the sensational trash to which she is usually condemned. I have as yet been unable to see her in "Twelfth Night," in which I am assured she shows herself an accomplished actress. Miss Helen Faucit, no doubt, was an actress. There may be a few other ladies or gentlemen of merit; but as I am rarely equal to visiting a theatre, I have not had the advantage of hearing them. The mere "farceurs," I admit, are often original and excellent. But my nerves will seldom stand out their boisterous vulgarity. A farce is to me like the Derby Day—something that one can only put up with once a-year. But, having a catholic taste, I admit that it has its fun then. Now I wish to know, such being my idiosyncrasy, to what theatre can I go with any prospect of pleasure. To some things I will not go. I will not go to see a poor maimed wretch hop on one leg. I will not go to see a female acrobat, even though she be so "beautiful" as to be able to dispense with the adventitious ornament of dress. I will go to see no tumbling, no clownery, no comic songs; no performing dogs, babies, or monkeys; no men with one leg, or women who are all leg. I will not assist at the schoolboy's horseplay they call a farce, or the senseless doggerel they call a burlesque, or the ribald tomfoolery they call an extravaganza. I want to see a play—a real work of literary art, well acted, tastefully presented. When the weather is less hot, and I come to town, and have rather less to employ me, I will go to the theatre again, provided anyone will tell me where I can go with prudence. But I must not have my ears tortured with slang, or my nerves shattered with brutality, or my mind disordered by bad taste. I can get all I ask in any country in Europe still, and could have got it in England fifty years ago. That it is impossible now, is, I will maintain (like my great namesake, who uttered the scorn of all the thinking men of his age against the "lewd stage-players" of his day), a great disgrace to the English public, to English literature and cultivation, and especially to English criticism.—I am, &c.,

HISTRIOMASTIX.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE OLYMPIC.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—In a letter to you, not long ago, I described the disgust with which I had witnessed the frightful mauling of Shakespeare by Messrs. Phelps and Creswick. At that time I had made up my mind that I would never again set my foot inside an English theatre when a play of Shakespeare was announced. However, I

yielded last week to the persuasion of a friend, and went to see "Twelfth Night" at the Olympic. Having so recently pronounced a rather sweeping censure on English acting, I feel bound to admit that I spoke too hastily. I had never seen Miss Kate Terry. Her performance in "Twelfth Night" is charming. Either she has had the advantage of unprofessional teaching, or (as I rather guess) her own delicate instinct has revolted against the traditions of the British Stage, the vulgarity, the rant, the "elocution," the pompous attitude, the ungainly stride, the conventional gestures and grimaces. Nature has blessed her with a sweet expressive face (let no one trust her photographs), and a clear, but soft voice, which "elocution" has not hardened into those powerful semi-masculine tones only heard in London theatres, and London slums. Every look, motion, and gesture is appropriate without being obtrusive. The lady is not forgotten in the actress. Intellectually she must be capable of anything that her profession demands, since she so admirably delineates one of the most subtle and difficult conceptions of Shakspeare. For a woman to pass herself off as a man may be difficult. Still the difficulty is a simple one. The thing, we know, has often been done in real life with complete success, and for long periods. But if the actress deceived a spectator ignorant of the plot into the belief that *Viola* was a boy, she would fail in representing the conception of the poet. The point of her acting is to show that she is not what she professes to be. She acts one part to the other personages of the drama, and another to the spectators. The situation is therefore most complex, and requires a subtle perception and delicate execution on the part of the actress. As though she revelled in difficulties, Miss Terry chooses to sustain the character of *Sebastian* as well, and thus presents us with three well-marked variations of one type: *Viola* behaving as a girl, *Viola* behaving as a boy, and *Sebastian*.

I know not on what authority Miss Terry intimated that *Viola's* passion for *Orsino* is of old standing. It is characteristic of her style of acting that she does this by an almost imperceptible but unmistakable expression of countenance and inflexion of voice in two or three words of her first scene. The only fault I have to find with her is that the duel scene is exaggerated in the old style of stage buffoonery, and prolonged to make the audience laugh. But for this the other actors are probably responsible.

The *Athenæum* critic, I observe, finds that "she (I suppose he means her acting) is wanting in breadth and force," and that there are "short-comings in regard to strength and vigour." He warns her that there are "serious and important differences between the requirements needful for the poetic drama and those which serve well enough for the mere drawing-room piece." How a "requirement" can "serve for" anything I leave to the literary editor of the *Athenæum* to determine. When a man writes such English, one cannot expect from him a refined and educated criticism. Evidently Miss Terry does not rant and howl and stamp enough for him. Probably, if the truth were known, he admires a Saracen's head on a sign-post as possessing more "breadth and force" than Academicians can throw into their work, and finds his ideal of sculpture in the kilted warrior who guards the portals of his tobaccoconist. That such a critic should find Mr. Vincent's admirable impersonation of *Malvolio* unsatisfactory, is natural enough. Humour must be very "broad" to amuse him. How he must enjoy a transpontine pantomime! He picks out for praise the *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew* of Messrs. Soutar and Wigan. Now the performance of these actors is not unamusing in some parts; but it is deformed by the ordinary faults of the British Stage. Everything is exaggerated. The actors seem to think the audience cannot take a joke unless they pause (however rapid the retort should be) to show that a good thing is coming, and then deliver it at the top of their voice, after the most approved method of "elocution."

Miss Foote looks and acts *Maria* capitally, though, perhaps, her merriment is slightly exaggerated sometimes.

If the play is to succeed at the Olympic, two changes must be made. *Olivia* ought to be represented by a lady with some faint pretensions to youth and good looks. At present, it is hard to say whether the effect is more painful or ridiculous. The part of the clown should be acted by a man. There is no possible excuse for giving it to a woman, and the effect is simply nauseous, particularly in the personation of the parson. Why not make Miss Farren *Olivia*, and

borrow a clown from some circus? Anything would be better than the present arrangement.—I am, &c., E. S. B.

THE TEMPLE OF HEROD AND THE SEPULCHRE OF CHRIST.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—Before noticing in detail the arguments in Mr. Smith's last letter, I must observe that the invidious distinction which he attempts to draw between my opinions and the "original records in Greek of Josephus, Eusebius, and Socrates," is one which the facts of the case do not warrant. The question really is, for the most part, whether he or I translate the statements of these authors correctly. I wish also to observe that there are two points upon which we are at issue, and that these are, in many respects, quite distinct one from another. They are:—

- (1.) The site of Herod's Temple.
- (2.) The site of the Holy Sepulchre.

These I must insist upon keeping separate; because, even if Mr. Smith succeed in establishing the first point, he does no more than render the second possible; and because the evidence with regard to them is so very different in its nature. As regards the first, I admit frankly that there is much to be said in favour of Mr. Smith's theory: the measurements given on more than one occasion by Josephus agree with it, and I am only led to set them aside, because I find them contradictory not only to the indirect testimony of the author himself, but also to all evidence derived from the topography and archaeology of the place; and because I find that in other matters his numbers cannot be trusted. This part, however, of the question I must leave. All that can be put within the limits of a letter I have already said; and will merely add that Mr. Smith's eastern wall is a pure hypothesis, and that his statement of "the Temple and its walls, the new city Bezetha, the walls of Agrippa, all were levelled by Titus with the dust down to their foundations," has indeed the merit of novelty, but none other.

On the second point, however, I venture to speak more positively, for the meaning of the Greek of Eusebius is clear enough. I will go through it a little at length.

The most important description of Constantine's edifices is in the work "De Vita Const." (lib. iii. cap. xxix., &c.).

We read (1) that, after the sepulchre was discovered, he ordered the erection of a house of prayer near or at it (c. xxix.), *οικον εὐκτηρίον ἀμφὶ τὸ σωτήριον ἄντρον*. *ἀμφὶ* governing the accusative case does not mean the same as *περί*, and Mr. Smith's translation is a downright mistake, from which the study of any good grammar or lexicon would have saved him.

(2.) After careful directions for the building of a church, we read that his agent first adorned the sacred cave itself, beautifying it with rare columns and other splendid decorations, *τοῦτο μὲν οὖν πρῶτον . . . ἐξαιρέτως κίονι, κόσμῳ τε πλείστῳ κατεπόικιλλεν ἡ βασιλεὺς φιλοτιμία, παντοίοις καλλωπίσμασι καταφαιδρόνουςα* (c. xxxiii.) This obviously means that the rock itself was encased and ornamented with marbles; not that a church was built over it; that it was placed, so to say, like a precious stone in a costly setting.

(3.) Then we read that he paved an open court about it, three sides of which were enclosed by cloisters; while the eastern side was formed by the basilica (*βασιλικὴ νεώ*). Then comes a minute description of this basilica, of its apse, atrium, and entrance gates. Eusebius then concludes by saying that this basilica was built as a conspicuous monument of the Saviour's resurrection.

Let us now consider the passage from the oration in praise of Constantine, in which Mr. Smith finds mention of two churches. I must first complete the quotation made in his letter by the next clause—*μνημα τε μνήμης αἰώνιον γέμον . . . ἐρίμα καλλωπίσμασι*—an important addition. Referring back to the "Vita Constantini," we find that *οἶκος εὐκτηρίος* is the phrase always used to express the whole structure—i.e., the basilica, court, and tomb (see ch. xxv., xxix.), while *νεώ* expresses the basilica, and *μνημα* the tomb; consequently, in this passage the last two clauses are only explanatory of the first, and only one church is mentioned.

The passage quoted from Socrates seems to me to suit the theory which I am supporting just as well as it does Mr. Smith's, so that nothing need be said concerning it.

I may remark, by the way, that Mr. Smith's question "How could a church be built round the sepulchre and the roof not over it?" is most

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unfortunate; first, because he misses the point of my assertion—namely, that a church (in the usual sense of the word) was not built round it at all; and secondly, because the church erected about the column of St. Simeon Stylites will show him that this apparent anomaly does really exist.

Therefore, I venture to conclude this letter, already too long for your columns, though far too short for the subject, by expressing my conviction that the "classical reader" will have little doubt which of the two to follow, my translation of the Greek or that of Mr. Smith.—Your obedient servant,

T. G. BONNEY.
St. John's College, Cambridge, June 12.

THE "DOME OF THE ROCK"—A RECONCILING THEORY.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—I do not "believe in Josephus," but I have so firm a conviction that he never understated any fact or figure conducive to his nation's glory, that I cannot conceive any kind of new evidence possible which, in the face of the present plans of Jerusalem, would convince me that the Temple area was larger than he states; still less that it was thrice as large—namely, "co-extensive with the present Haram."

I believe in the science or useful art of Archaeologic Criticism, of which Mr. Fergusson is perhaps the greatest living master—that is to say, I believe in the power of a man of his travels and observation, having nothing before him but several pieces of decorated work—not mere uncarved masonry—by different generations of one people, to tell the precise order in which so many of them as are by different generations were executed. I do not say there are ten men at present who can do this. I do not say even Mr. Fergusson always does it well. Thus, the pyramids and tombs of Gizeh, I believe really to show themselves much younger than the Ramesian temples; while he, as yet, thinks them much older. But the problems he attempted at Jerusalem were among the easiest of this art; and the photographs of ornament from all the monuments in question, published by M. Aug. Salzmann—for I must repeat that nothing but ornament, no Haram walling, can yield evidence of the least force—have confirmed my belief from the beginning, that Mr. Fergusson was right in holding the present "Holy Sepulchre" to have nothing in or near it older than this millenary—right in his plan of the Temple—right in holding the remainder of the Haram to be Eusebius's "New Jerusalem"—right in announcing the "Dome of the Rock" to be Constantine's work—right in holding the "Noble Cave" of the Sakharah, wherein "thrice three men could stand and pray," to have been that Emperor's recovered "Holy Sepulchre," and that of the Bourdeaux Pilgrim and all pilgrims of the first ten centuries; but travelling out of his brief when he calls it the genuine sepulchre of Christ. Years ago (*Builder* 1861, p. 135) I advised him to disencumber his theory of this gratuitous addition, and gave reasons for holding this Constantinian place of pilgrimage as certainly spurious as the present successor to its honours; and now the discovery of the Pierotti drain disposes of all its claim to be any sepulchre at all, as its situation was always one intensely improbable for any sepulture.

On the other hand, even were there a hint in Scripture, Josephus, or the Talmud, of such a rock-altar in the Temple, with cave under it, and drain under that, as the Latin theorists have lately extemporized, how could we possibly bring this Sakharah into the centre, or any part of the Temple area? If that area is limited by the bragging Josephus to a square of 600 feet, and we only found in Jerusalem one massive wall in a nearly meridional or perpendicular direction, and within a yard of that length, the corroboration would be strong; but when we see two such walls, forming an accurate right angle, and each with marks of original termination at that same distance from their junction, it seems to me impossible to suppose we have not here an entire half of the enclosure described. Again, Fort Antonia was north of the Temple area, and adjoining its N.W. angle, but not all its north side, and from the N.W. angle of the said walls we find a continuation, in nearly the same style of masonry, northward, and then turning eastward, and sufficient in both directions to enclose the full area required for this fort, so that only its east side is wanting. Complete that side, and Mr. Fergusson or Mr. Smith can hardly by any ingenuity prevent its enclosing or passing over the highest point in the whole Haram, the Sakharah. Now, Antonia was built expressly to overlook the Temple; would it leave the

highest ground a few yards outside its plan? I submit the following as the most rational account of the "Noble Cave," and its history.

First century. It was made for the cesspool of Antonia, to supersede dropping filth over its east wall, which overlooked a promenade, if not a suburb.

Second century. The Jews, knowing its destination, selected it as the fittest hole to which to direct those gentile pilgrims who inquired after their Prophet's tomb.—See "*Toldoth Jesu*," Huldreich's edition, pp. 88, 97.

Third century. The Pagans, to check the increasing pilgrimage, banked it up, and erected over it a temple of Venus.

Fourth century. Constantine sending orders to recover the well-known relic, of course there was no doubt as to its situation. Helena, wishing for the cross, tortured some Jews (for who else could know anything of its whereabouts?) till they gave up all three; and who can doubt that if we were but allowed her mode of search, as well as of proof, we might obtain at a few days notice, for the glory of Father Manning's cathedral, a piece of Noah's Ark, Cain's weapon, or the very jaw-bone of Sampson, to demolish that of M. Boucher de Perthes? Constantine's materials for the Martyrium were of course second-hand, as those of his greatest works even at Rome; and, as the Count de Vogüé remarks, it is hardly a church in plan, because it was to accompany one, and be itself rather a cenotaph. Still less, however, is it a mosque.

Seventh century. Chosroes II. defaced the churches, but all accounts agree that Omar and his successors scrupulously left them in Christian hands, and that he and Abdel-Malek built mosques on the Temple area (which this is not), the latter's being the square preaching-hall El-Aksa, described by Arculphus as holding 3,000.

Eleventh century. Hakem, to stop the sham miracle of the "Holy Fire," ordered the demolition of the church. Sylvestre de Sacy, in his life of Hakem (*Religion des Druzes*, tome I, p. 338), refers to two Mussulman authors, one of whom says this order was countermanded; the other says the church was destroyed, and a mosque built in its place. Mr. Fergusson has not, I think, quoted these authorities, which seem to me strikingly concordant with his theory, that the Basilica, the church proper, was demolished, but the detached Martyrium (the octagon building) left, and converted into the mosque now seen. The blue and gold inscription copied by the Count de Vogüé, sounds not at all like a work of the Quaker-like fanatics of the first Mussulman age. I suggest it is Hakem's work, and its date 72, not of the Hejira, but of the new era he introduced, and that on his death the orthodox Moslems, who then first appropriated the building, substituted for his name that of Al-Mamoun, as a revered monarch with whom they preferred associating it. The style of ornament, even that of the letters, I presume would soon settle this question.—Yours faithfully,

June 19, 1865.

E. L. GARBETT.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

To the Editor of THE READER.

Sir,—On the arrival of a foreigner in London, he is painfully struck by the intemperance prevalent, especially among the poorer classes. It has occurred to me that a mode adopted in my own country for the thorough cure of drunkenness might perhaps not be generally known in England; in this case, would you have the kindness to bring it before the notice of the public?

The patient is shut up in a room, and debarred all communication, except with his physician. As often as he pleases, spirits (brandy, whisky, gin, &c.) are given him, but mixed with two-thirds water; so, also, all other drinks, as well as beer, coffee, or wine, mingled with one-third water. The various kinds of food, too, that are furnished him—bread, meat, &c.—are all prepared with brandy; consequently the patient is in a state of continual intoxication. This lasts about five days; at the end of that time, he asks with entreaty for other nourishment, without his request being complied with, and that until his organs absolutely abhor any alcohol.

The cure is complete, and from this period the very smell of spirits produces on him almost the effect of an emetic.

A trial might be made in London by setting apart, in some large hospital, a room specially for the treatment of those addicted to drink, and where the "sufferers" might be treated according to their worldly means. I am persuaded that experience would make manifest the efficacy of this method.

AN EXILED POLE.

SCIENCE.

THE CHEMISTRY OF SPRING-TIME.

IT is certainly remarkable that some of the most familiar operations of nature cannot as yet be explained by men of science, and have not therefore been brought into the category of known laws. We are unable to trace the cause or causes of such phenomena, seeing that an investigation of them is surrounded with difficulties, and the first observations abound with anomalies. A long-continued and conscientious examination of the facts that are daily presented, must, however, in time bring success, and by a broad generalization, the patient observer is at last rewarded.

Thus it is with the periodical return of the seasons. We know not altogether the cause of the difference in the amount of vegetable and animal life existing in summer and winter. Tending towards a fuller knowledge of this subject are two memoirs which have recently been presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the chemical activity of our atmosphere at different periods of the year.* These papers contain the results of independent observations which have been carried on for several years past by two scientific men, working without knowledge of each other, and using, moreover, different test papers.

The memoir first presented to the Academy, entitled "The Influence of Seasons upon the Properties of Atmospheric Air," is by M. Houzeau, and gives a summary of four years' observations he has made with a peculiar test paper, which he terms *papier de tournesol vineux mi-ioduré*, prepared and only used by himself. By exposing these papers, the author had previously found that localities influenced the manifestation of certain properties of atmospheric air, and also that there was a normal variation of these properties. The later experiments upon the coloration of this iodized paper, which was sheltered from the sun and from rain, have now shown that at Rouen, where the observations were made, the atmosphere had a maximum of chemical activity in spring-time (May and June), its power sensibly diminished in summer, and still more in autumn. Towards the end of winter its activity reappeared, and became very appreciable in the month of March. During four consecutive years M. Houzeau invariably found that the atmosphere in the month of May showed the maximum of chemical activity, and accordingly divides the year into two great seasons, the one chemically active, the other less chemically active. At the close of his paper M. Houzeau remarks upon the coincidence of chemical exaltation with the "awakening of nature," and believes that physicians as well as agriculturalists will profit by an examination of these new facts.

Soon after the presentation of the foregoing memoir Dr. A. Bérigny communicated a *résumé* of nine years' ozonometric observations made in his meteorological observatory at Versailles. In this memoir the author states that his work had been completed before M. Houzeau's paper was read; nevertheless, we shall find immediately that, as far as they went, most of the conclusions arrived at by M. Houzeau are almost identical with those deduced by Dr. Bérigny. Previous to the publication of his present paper, Dr. Bérigny had given to the Academy a description of an enlarged and improved scale of shades for ozone papers, together with a new test paper, prepared by M. Jame, more sensitive and accurate than that prepared according to Schonbein's formula; and, associated with M. Richard, of Sedan, had thoroughly examined the effect of ozone upon various test papers. Already in this early paper, published in 1858,† he finds, as the result of his observations:—that the degree of coloration produced by ozone (if it be ozone,—for chemists are disagreed as to the agent producing this chemical action in the atmosphere) is in an inverse ratio to the temperature, and in nearly a direct ratio to the humidity of the air; that papers in a miasmatic atmosphere are less coloured the more vitiated the air; that the normal degree of acidity in atmospheric air has no action upon the ozone papers; that any influence upon the coloration of the papers is sensible at a distance of eight kilometres, and that during storms the paper is more promptly coloured than at other times.

From the fuller and more reliable data furnished by nine years' continuous observations,

* *Comptes Rendus*, 1865, No. 15, p. 788; No. 18, p. 903.

† *Comptes Rendus*, vol. xvi., p. 237.

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and gathered together in one comprehensive table, Dr. Bérigny has now obtained the following most important results:—

1. That the *maximum* is attained in May and the *minimum* in November. Without any exception, it has been found that there is a larger amount of ozone present in summer than in winter, the numbers being—

For the summer period 45°·318
For winter 38°·983

Difference in favour of summer 6°·335

2. The equinoctial epochs (March and September) are two months of *maxima* in relation to each period.

3. The absolute *maxima* and *minima* are exactly six months apart.

4. The months are arranged in the following progressive order, commencing with that having the highest amount of ozone: May, March, April, June, August, July, September, January, December, October, February, and November. The years were found to follow in this order, the highest first: 1856, 1858, 1857, 1860, 1864, 1859, 1863, 1862, and 1861.

It will be seen that the last year of observation (1864) ranks fifth in abundance of ozone. Dr. Bérigny considers this fact of some importance, as it shows that the papers do not change by keeping, for on this occasion they had been prepared at the close of 1858. Dr. Bérigny's observations extended from January, 1856, to December, 1864. They were made at ten each morning and evening.

Having ascertained the fact that the atmosphere in summer is more chemically active than in winter, Dr. Bérigny next endeavours to seek the cause of this remarkable and it appears well-established fact.

During certain periods of the year the quantity of ozone is seen to follow the barometric curve, and, in most instances, the chemical activity of the air progresses with the thermometric curve. Nevertheless, without any exception, during the whole of the year 1864, and, therefore, probably in other years, the ozone paper was found to be more strongly coloured in the morning than in the evening, and more so during gloomy or rainy days than in fine weather.

The direction and force of the wind does not produce so great an action on the coloration of the test paper as one would imagine. Although, as in the other cases, there are many exceptions, yet it appears that the coloration of the paper is generally more rapid during winds from the south-east to north-west, and less rapid when the winds are from the opposite region.

"Thus it seems," says Dr. Bérigny, "that no isolated cause furnishes a full explanation of the seasonal variations of ozone, and it will be difficult to obtain any accurate and general knowledge on the subject, until the laborious and necessarily incomplete observations of a few meteorologists have been replaced by a daily examination of ozone papers, regularly made by numerous observers in various parts of the world."

BELGIAN BONE CAVES.

ANOTHER cavern has been discovered near to the well-known Furfooz cave, about a mile and a-half lower down the Lesse, in the escarpment of the river side, and opposite the hamlet of Challeux. Its length is twenty metres, the mean breadth being from seven to eight metres. The entrance is about seventeen metres above low-water mark, and in a note read before the Belgian Academy of Sciences on the 3rd inst., M. Van Beneden proposed to call it the *grand trou de Challeux*. The majority of the tools, bones, and other objects found in this cave occurred at one and the same level, in a deposit which has been described as a yellow clay containing angular fragments of rock. It is the same bed which occurs at Furfooz. A cursory examination of the bones revealed the presence of remains of the bear, fox, badger, polecat, wild boar, hare, *Arvicola amphibius*, goat, ox, horse, reindeer, and elephant. A considerable number of bones of birds and several fossil shells, pierced with a hole near the mouth, which have been worn as charms or for ornament, were also brought to light. A curious feature is the enormous number of worked flints which this cave contained. Upwards of 20,000 were obtained between the 8th and 31st of last month. On the 15th the number rose to 2,671, whilst on the 26th only 343 were collected. The fragments consisted of siliceous nuclei from which the flint had been chipped off on all sides, of various chippings, and of knives adapted for scraping, cutting, or sawing. As at Furfooz,

the whole of the flints are of foreign origin, and belong to the chalk, which is entirely wanting in the neighbourhood of Dinant. The nearest place from which the flints could have been procured is Maestricht.

ON THE HEIGHTS OF AURORÆ.

WE have been favoured by Mr. Newton with a copy of a paper, "The Determination of the Height of Auroral Arches from Observations at One Place," which will appear in the forthcoming number of *Silliman's Journal*. That his method of determination will be of great value, is shown by the small amount of trustworthy information we at present possess on the subject. He remarks that—"In the displays of the Aurora Borealis the luminous cloud often takes the form of an arch. Sometimes the lower boundary of the auroral light is arch-shaped. Beneath is a dark segment, while perhaps streamers run upward from the mass of light. Again, there is sometimes a bank of light in the north, resting apparently on the horizon. The upper boundary of this bank forms a more or less regular arch. Again, there is sometimes a narrow band or bow of light spanning the heavens, coming down to within two or three degrees of the horizon at each extremity, having one or both of its edges sharply defined, and being often only two or three degrees in breadth. The arch in each of these three cases may be incomplete, or broken, or otherwise irregular. But there is a manifest tendency to form a regular curve. This curve—that is, the boundary line of the arch, or the axis of the bow—is rarely, if ever, an arc of a great circle. It cuts the horizon at points notably less than 180° from each other. It has apparently the same law of formation in each of the three cases. Its peculiar shape is therefore probably due to a single cause. There is no reason to believe that each observer sees a different arch, just as each sees his own rainbow. There is no centre of light beneath the arch, and moreover a decided parallax is very frequently found. The curve of the auroral arch has then a definite locus in the atmosphere. This curve is not caused by mists in the atmosphere obscuring and revealing parts of an indefinite cloud. For the arch has little or no relation to the horizon, and cuts it at all angles. It is not a straight line, for the arch does not cut the horizon at points 180° from each other. The arch resembles the projection of a portion of a circle, or a spherico-conic. The venerable Hansteen has in two instances seen at Christiania nearly the whole ellipse. Professor Twining has observed, at Middlebury, Vt., in one instance at least, an arch in which the extremities of the major axis of the ellipse were visible above the horizon. It is reasonable to infer that, in general, the locus of the light is parallel to the earth's surface. For the arch has the same general form at all places, as will be seen in the diagrams of Mairan and others.

"This leads naturally to the hypothesis of Hansteen, that the auroral arch is a real ring, which in its normal form is parallel to the earth's surface, and is symmetrically placed about the magnetic pole. The dark segment is seen when we look beneath the ring into space beyond. The bank of auroral light is a similar broader or more distant ring.

"The results of Professor Loomis's investigations respecting the geographical distribution of the aurora confirm and modify this conclusion. He shows that there is a narrow belt of an elliptical form surrounding the magnetic and astronomical poles of the earth, and at a considerable distance from them, which is the region of the greatest and most frequent displays of the aurora. It is reasonable to infer that an aurora of considerable intensity would naturally take a form symmetrical with this narrow belt of the earth's surface. The portion of the curve which we see at any instant should be regarded as part of a circle whose centre is the centre of curvature of the nearest portion of this belt.

"To obtain the parallax of the auroral cloud, observations at two distant stations have been necessary. These have to be made upon a moving object, the time of whose appearance cannot be predicted. It is only by a happy chance that good observations can be secured. If the height can be computed from measures made at a single station, a great advantage is gained. A second observer is not essential, if the position and shape of the auroral cloud is assumed to be as described above."

The distance on the earth's surface from the observer to the centre of curvature of the nearest portion of the belt of frequent auroral displays can be measured. At Newhaven it has been

assumed to be 32°, which is very nearly the distance to the magnetic pole of the earth.

Mr. Newton has selected 25 or 30 auroral arches, by President Stiles, Professor Olmsted, Mr. Herrick, and Mr. Bradley, and given in the Auroral Registers of Mr. Herrick and Mr. Bradley, which will form part of a volume of memoirs about to be published by the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, and has tabulated the result.

The average height as indicated by the table is 134 miles, the highest observed was 290, the lowest 33.

As remarked by Mr. Newton, this method of determining the height of the auroral arch is imperfect, in that it supposes for it a given regular form which it rarely possesses. In fact, the auroral cloud is usually more or less irregular. Still, there are very great difficulties in the way of securing good observations for parallax at two stations. Mr. Newton's method, which may be used independently, or to check the ordinary parallax observations, furnishes moreover the means of determining not only the magnitude of the auroral cloud, but also the breadth and height of the streamers which often rise from the arch-shaped mass of light.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

ALL interested in mathematics are promised a great treat on Wednesday next. Professor Sylvester will deliver a lecture at King's College on Sir Isaac Newton's rule for the discovery of the imaginary roots of equations. This rule is surrounded with a rare and curious interest. It was originally given by Sir I. Newton in his lectures when Lucasian Professor at the University of Cambridge, and in 1707 it was published in the *Arithmetica Universalis* without proof. Maclaurin, Waring, Euler, and many other distinguished mathematicians, have attempted to demonstrate it, but hitherto all such efforts have proved abortive. A proof for a few elementary cases was given by Professor Sylvester in a paper published in this year's volume of the "Philosophical Transactions." He has recently discovered a complete one, founded on the ordinary principles of elementary algebra; and more than this, a theorem, which stands in precisely the same relation to Newton's rule as Fourier's theorem does to Descartes' rule, the rule being deducible from the theorem as a particular case. But this is not all; this general theorem is itself only a particular case of a still more comprehensive one. Professor Sylvester deserves all our thanks for giving the general public, by means of a lecture open to all, an opportunity of becoming acquainted with this branch of science. We trust his example may find imitators.

PROFESSOR WHEATSTONE exhibited on Tuesday evening last, to a select circle of friends, the powerful effects which the Thermo-electric Battery, as proposed by Marcus, is capable of producing. The experiments (of which more next week in an article on the subject) really seem to show that for some purposes a Thermo-electric Battery is really a most economical force-converter.

A NEW substitute for the lime in the Drummond light has been proposed by M. Carlevaris, who communicated a note on the subject at the last meeting of the French Academy of Sciences. A piece of chloride of magnesium is placed on a support of retort carbon in the oxyhydrogen flame. The chloride decomposes and leaves a spongy oxide, which is raised to incandescence, and gives a very brilliant light. The same effect may be obtained by using the ordinary carbonate of magnesia compressed into a cylinder. M. Carlevaris is now in England, and having given us an opportunity of seeing his new light, we may add that, though its brilliancy is very great, yet it does not appear to exceed the lime light in illuminating power, but will probably surpass it for photographic purposes.

A SHORT time since we noticed Dr. Schnepf's new treatment of consumption, by giving fermented mares' milk to the sufferers. Another remedy has just been communicated to the French Academy by M. Fuster, who states that through it he has completely cured several patients suffering from severe pulmonary complaints. M. Fuster uses in the first instance raw mutton or beef, which is reduced to a pulp, and strained from fibrous portions; it is then mixed with sugar, and from 100 to 300 grammes are given each day. Afterwards he administers every hour small doses of alcohol, mixed with three times the quantity of some sweetening sub-

stance. It is in the combination of the two agents that the author believes the value of his new cure depends.

A WRITER in *The Western Morning News* states that a process has been discovered by a Mr. Gale, of Plymouth, by which powder can be rendered non-explosive, and its combustible properties restored when required. "In five minutes a barrel of powder can be made non-explosive, and in another five minutes it can be restored to its original condition. We have seen gunpowder subjected to this process and stirred with a red-hot poker without an explosion." Such a process certainly would be a great boon.

M. GUERRY has recently published a valuable work on the "Moral Statistics of England Compared with the Moral Statistics of France." An atlas accompanies the volume, in which the tabulated results are represented in seventeen maps. The collection of these statistics has been the work of M. Guerry's life, and the results of his labour are most interesting and important. He finds that there are certain geographical regions in which particular kinds of criminals predominate, and proves the remarkable regularity with which the same crimes are reproduced every year; different species of crimes following in the same order and proportion. Thus the progress of suicide is identical for France and England, the number of suicides increasing from December to June, and decreasing from June to December, and constantly increasing in amount as the capital is approached. M. Guerry does not believe that these statistics show that man's free will or liberty is compromised, that crimes are not committed from a fixed irresistible idea, the consequences of which have not been calculated, but spring from cupidity, anger, or vengeance. Most laborious must have been M. Guerry's work, for he has examined 21,000 criminal cases, extracted from the records of thirty-two years, and out of this mass has found that in every 1,000 criminal attempts on life, 237 spring from quarrels and fighting in public-houses, 214 from cupidity and avarice, 51 in duels, 147 from family brawls,—21 of these being legitimate marriages, and 126 illegitimate unions,—and the remainder from various causes.

M. DUCHEMIN not long since announced to the Academy of Sciences that in a Bunsen's battery the nitric acid could be replaced by perchloride of iron, and the sulphuric acid by a solution of common salt. He has now stated that by substituting crude chloride of potassium for the common salt, the electro-motive force of this battery is increased and its calorific effects intensified; the electric light being easily produced when the chloride of potassium is employed, instead of chloride of sodium.

THE Industrial Society of Mulhouse have presented a medal to Mr. John Lightfoot for his discovery of aniline black. At the same time a medal was awarded M. Lauth for a modification of Mr. Lightfoot's process, by which it is rendered far more easy of application. The Society said with much fairness, which is worthy of imitation elsewhere, that "they could not grant a reward for an improvement without at the same time conferring a medal on the original discoverer."

THE *Journal of the Society of Arts* states that a novel kind of exhibition is announced to take place in the Palais de l'Industrie of Paris, in August and September. The Central Society of Agriculture has conceived the idea of showing to the public a collection of insects useful for their productions—such as silk-worms of all kinds, bees, insects producing colouring matter, edible insects; and insects made use of in medicine, and, secondly, of such as are mischievous to various crops—as cereals, the vine, citrons, and other plants made use of in industry, green crops, and other edible plants, fruit trees, forest trees, timber and wood; and, lastly, of parasitic insects of all kinds. The edible insects will include the eggs of the Hemiptera, of Mexico, with the bread made from the same; the larvæ of India and China; locusts; and Polynesian spiders. The Acclimatization Society and the model farms maintained by the Imperial Government will furnish a considerable number of living specimens in some of the divisions; but in others the public must be content with the "still life." The exhibition is announced to open on the 15th of August.

WE have received a paper, by Dr. A. Wilcocks, read before the American Philosophical Society, entitled, "Thoughts on the Influence of Ether in the Solar System; its relations to the Zodiacal Light, Comets, the Seasons, and Periodical Shooting Stars." The title expresses the contents of

what appears to be a valuable addition to scientific literature.

THE discovery of coal in Spitzbergen in considerable quantity was made in the year 1861, by M. C. W. Blomstrand, a member of the scientific exploring expedition despatched by the King of Sweden in that year. M. Blomstrand spent ten days, from the 9th to the 19th of August, in exploring King's Bay, and during that period ascertained that the coal beds there discovered by him contain an almost inexhaustible supply of coal. Scoresby mentions that the Dutch were in the habit of procuring coal for their homeward-bound vessels at King's Bay, but M. Blomstrand found no remains to indicate that the beds of coal, five in number, discovered by him have ever been worked. In the fourth volume of the "Transactions of the Swedish Academy of Sciences," published in 1864, M. Blomstrand communicates some geological observations made during a journey to Spitzbergen in 1861 ("Geognostiska Jakttagelser under en Resa till Spitzbergen år 1861"), the chief interest of which consists in this discovery of coal. In No. 5 of *Petermann's Geographische Mittheilungen* for the present year, these observations are given entire in German, accompanied by a small map of the locality.

SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENCE.

EOZOON CANADENSE.

Moffat, Dumfriesshire.

THE letter of Professors King and Rowney, in the last number of THE READER, giving as the result of their inquiries the opinion that neither the Eozoon Canadense nor the serpentine in which it occurs is of animal nature or origin, nor other than a purely mineralogical phenomenon, has led me to forward to you the formula of the integrant molecule of serpentine, according to that view which regards the completed molecules or crystallizing unities of bodies as aggregates of molecular elements, grouped together so as to construct one or other of the regular polyhedra of geometry (chiefly the dodecahedron or dodecatom variously differentiated on the poles), of which an account was given in THE READER of July 16th, 1864.

According to this theory of the structure of molecules, serpentine comes out as a mineral, with larger and more complicated molecules than any of the other nearly-related minerals, and these its molecules such, that they are destined to undergo a remarkable secular development. Possibly, therefore, even to the eye, when assisted by the microscope, an exquisite and quasi-organic structure may present itself. The question is certainly worthy of the most deliberate inquiry.

In the case of hydrate of magnesia, talc, olivine, hornblende, angite, garnet, &c., the molecular constituent is usually either one or more of such binary combinations as M_2O, SiO_2 or M_2O, CaO , or CaO, SiO_2 . In the case of olivine alone is it ternary, the other constituents and the percentages of analysis depending on the differentiations of the poles. But in serpentine the molecular element comes out a sesqui-combination (which is so great a favourite with nature in general), and of that both poles hydrated; or serpentine is the inverse of olivine, with an atom of hydrate of magnesia on each pole of the molecular constituent, and an atom of protoxide of iron on each pole of the dodecatom.

But here the reader will legitimately ask, what is the evidence on which we speak with such assurance of molecular structures, which, to say the least of them, are large multiples of those given in the authorized chemical mineralogy, and which are constructed on a principle of symmetry in the body of the molecule, and of departures from that symmetry or differentiation of the poles of the molecule of which we hear next to nothing in chemistry, and are only beginning now to hear something in physiology? To this the answer is, that the evidence is manifold, is overwhelmingly convincing, to those who are acquainted with it. But in this place it can be only noticed to the extent of observing that our molecules being once constructed on the general geometrical principle which has been stated, (1) the actual constituents, as found by analysis, (2) their actual percentages, together with (3) the specific gravity of the mass, and (4) sometimes the crystalline form, may all be deduced *a priori*! In order to deduce the specific gravity (independently of atomic volume, which, it will be admitted, is a very unsatisfactory doc-

trine), it is only necessary to premise that we regard the unit volume of the aqueous element, the unit of condensed vapour or a particle of water, which we designate by the symbol AQ, as constructed of $(OH \text{ aq } HO)^{12} = 3 \times 12 \text{ aq} = 36 \text{ aq}$, and therefore its atomic weight $36 \times 9 = 324$, when $H = 1$.

Writing our molecule of serpentine so as to show as far as possible the juxtaposition of the constituents and the symmetry of the whole, and adopting a point over the literal symbol for an atom of oxygen, which is a great saving to the eye in a mineralogical formula, we obtain as the integrant molecule of serpentine, occupying two normal or aqueous volumes, the following dodecatom, differentiated by an atom of protoxide of iron on each pole:—

Serpentine $Fe (H Mg Si Mg Si Mg H)^{12} Fe = 2 \text{ vols.}$

	Theory.	Kersten.	
36 Mg O ...	720 ...	41.7 ...	41.5
24 Si O ₂ ...	720 ...	41.7 ...	40.3
2 Fe O ...	72 ...	4.2 ...	4.1
24 H O ...	218 ...	12.6 ...	12.9

Sp. gr. = $2 \times 324 / 1730 = 2.6$ Expt. 2.5...2.6

As another specimen, the reader may take

Olivine $Fe Si Fe (Mg Si Mg)^{12} Fe Si Fe = 1 \text{ vol.}$

	Theory.	Walmstedt.	
14 Si O ₂ ...	420 ...	40.2 ...	40.1
24 Mg O ...	480 ...	45.9 ...	44.2
4 Fe O ...	144 ...	13.8 ...	15.2

Sp. gr. = $1 \times 324 / 1044 = 3.22$ Expt. 3.3...3.4

Hydrate of Magnesia $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} Mg H (Mg H) H Mg \\ \text{or } (Mg H) \end{array} \right\}^{12} = \frac{1}{2} \text{ vol.}$

that is, the dodecatom either differentiated or isometrical; or the mass differentiated by being composed of both in equal numbers.

Sp. gr. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \frac{29 + 12 \times 29 + 29}{\frac{1}{2} \times 324} = 2.52 \\ \frac{12 \times 29}{\frac{1}{2} \times 324} = 2.16 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{Mean } 2.34 \\ \text{Expt. } 2.3...2.4 \end{array}$

And so on through all nature.

JOHN G. MACVICAR, D.D.

Belmont, near Galway, June 19.

THAT Dr. Carpenter should have written in the undignified and intemperate style which characterizes his letter in the last READER does not surprise me, as I have some recollection of the way he comported himself in the matter of a test-perforated *Rhynchonellid*, called *Rhynchopora Geinitziana*, which I noticed a few years ago in the *Annals of Natural History*; but of this, hereafter. It would have been more discreet had Dr. Carpenter waited until the appearance of the paper which Dr. Rowney and myself are pledged to publish, "On the Origin and Microscopic Structure of the so-called Eozoönal Serpentes." Dr. Carpenter's remarks on my colleague are not only ungracious, but they show that he is not aware that, besides "Microscopic Palæontology," the subject involves Lithology, Mineralogy, and Chemistry. However, for our part, we decline to enter upon a conflict with any one on the subject; as we deem it more honourable to be employed in educating truth, than in vanquishing Dr. Carpenter.

WILLIAM KING.

NORTH AND SOUTH! *

AN article in the last number of THE READER was headed "North or South?" It should have been "North and South!" Geographers look forward to the exploration of both the North and South Polar regions; and, while intent upon the examination of the unknown North Polar region now, they are most anxious to co-operate with the Astronomer Royal in furthering the preliminary expedition to discover a suitable place for observing the transit of Venus, when the proper time comes.

But the transit of Venus does not take place until 1882, upwards of sixteen years hence; and there are the strongest reasons for not sending the preliminary expedition more than two, or at most four, years, before the time for the observation. If such an expedition was sent now, the officers engaged in it will have passed away or become old half-pays in the long interval that will elapse between 1866 and 1882, their personal experience will be lost, and they might almost as well never have gone. If, on the other hand, the reconnaissance is made in the years between 1878 and 1882, by officers who have gained ex-

* We shall most conveniently correct in this place an erratum in the article referred to. P. 684, col. 3, line 9 from bottom, instead of "view of" read "by."

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perience in the ice during North Polar service, the knowledge acquired in the preliminary voyages will be available when the time for observing the transit arrives, and the same officers can be employed on both services.

There is a time for all things—a time for the North, and a time for the South. The time for the North is now—now, when our Arctic officers are still in the prime of life and able to serve, when the tradition of ice navigation and sledge travelling is still fresh, when knowledge and experience will ensure success. The time for the South is twelve years hence, when another generation of Arctic officers, rich in hard-earned experience gained in the North Polar region, has risen up to emulate the deeds of James Ross in the Antarctic zone; and when the same officers who conduct the reconnaissance may also, two or three years afterwards, lead the expedition for observing the transit of Venus. It will be much to be regretted, both in the interests of astronomy and geography, if the ill-timed zeal of astronomers is allowed to damage the prospects of geographical exploration, while it equally injures the special cause it is intended to serve.

CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM,
Sec. of the Royal Geographical Society.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOREIGN ACADEMIES.

BRUSSELS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—June 3.—M. Selys-Longchamps communicated his "Observations on the Periodic Phenomena relating to Birds, and on the State of Vegetation, from the 21st of March to the 21st of April." M. Florimond, of Louvain, gave some details of the storms which occurred at that place during the month of May.

The following papers were submitted to the Academy: Catalan—"Researches on Left-handed Surfaces" (*surfaces gauches*). Dupont—"On the Similarity of a Deposit of Stones and Mud produced by a Storm, and the Deposits of Angular Fragments in Natural Caverns." Crepin—"On Vegetable Monstrosities." Paulet—"On the Equality of the Sum of the Interior Angles of a Triangle to Two Right Angles."

Reports on the following papers were presented: Delbœuf—"Second Note on some New Optical Illusions." The author calls attention to the deceptive effect produced when attempting to compare the diameters either of two black rings placed on a white ground, or of two white rings on a black ground. The comparison is to be instituted between the external diameter of one ring and the internal diameter of the other. In the first experiment the diameters, which to the eye appeared sensibly equal, were found to be in the proportion 3:4, and in the second experiment to be as 4:5. M. Delbœuf attempts to explain this singular deception by a theory based upon the sensation of the muscular force expended in moving the eye from one point to another. Kickx—"Monograph of the *Graphidea* of Belgium." Van der Mensbrugghe—"On the Properties of Two Right Lines which make Complementary Angles with a Fixed Axis." Körner—"On some Derivatives of Phenic Acid." Wichelaus—"On the Action of Protochloride of Phosphorus on certain Organic Acids." Körner—"On some Derivatives of Crotonic Acid." The whole of the preceding papers were ordered to be printed in the *Bulletin*.

M. Melsens read a note "On Lightning Conductors, and on some Experiments on the Induction Spark." Instead of a solid rod, he proposes to use a bundle of wires of small diameter; the total area of cross section to be at least equal to that of an iron conductor .020 m. square, or .02 m. diameter. In the case of the Hôtel de Ville, he suggests that the conductor be composed of 8 galvanized iron wires .007 m. in diameter at least. The principal rods are to be led into a well, and are to be connected by numerous branches with the water and gas pipes of the building.

M. Quetelet presented a note "On the State of the Atmosphere at Brussels in 1864," in which he pointed out some interesting anomalies in the atmospheric phenomena. The storms of the vernal equinox were felt from the 7th to the 9th of March. The greatest dryness was observed in April, and the highest temperature in May. Very little rain fell in July and the early part of August, whilst in the latter half of the month and in the first part of September the rainfall was considerable. The first frost occurred on the 5th of October, a circumstance which had never been previously observed. As a rule, the different meteorological phenomena made their appearance earlier this year than usual. With

regard to terrestrial magnetism many perturbations were observed, and of these eighteen were also felt at Paris, Rome, Leghorn, Florence, Lisbon, and the Helder. On the 12th of December an earthquake, an aurora borealis, and a magnetic perturbation were observed. M. Quetelet connects the extensive perturbation noticed on the 13th of October with the causes which led to the eruption of Etna.

M. Van Beneden read two notes "On some Rare Fish of the Coasts of Belgium," and "On the Excavations at Challeux." An extract from the latter paper will be found in another part of the present number.

REPORTS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—May 4.—Major-General Sabine, President, in the chair. The following papers, in addition to those before noticed, were read:—

"On the Rate of Passage of Crystalloids into and out of the Vascular and Non-Vascular Textures of the Body." By Dr. H. Bence Jones, F.R.S.

The paper is divided into five sections—

1st. On the method of analysis, and its delicacy. 2nd. Experiments on animals to which salts of lithium were given, upon the rate of their passage into the textures. 3rd. On the rate of the passage of lithium-salts out of the textures. 4th. Experiments on healthy persons, and on cases of cataract. 5th. On the presence of lithium in solid and liquid food. Three methods of analysis were followed, according as much or little lithium was present: first, simply touching the substance with a red-hot platinum-wire; secondly, extracting the substance with water; thirdly, incinerating the substance and treating it with sulphuric acid, and exhausting with absolute alcohol. $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of a grain of chloride of lithium in distilled water could be detected, and $\frac{1}{1000000}$ to $\frac{1}{100000}$ of chloride of lithium in urine.

The conclusions of the paper are as follows:—

"1. *On the Rate of Passage of Solutions of Lithium into the Textures of Animals.*—Chloride of lithium taken into the stomach in quantities varying from one quarter of a grain to three grains, will pass into all the vascular parts of the body, and even into the non-vascular textures, in from one quarter of an hour to five hours and a-half.

"2. *On the Rate of Passage out of the Textures of Animals.*—Chloride of lithium passes out by the skin as well as by the urine; and thus the animals can redose themselves with chloride of lithium from the hair and feet, and prevent accurate observations. Hence, probably, chloride of lithium in quantities varying from half a grain to three grains, will continue to pass out of the body for thirty-seven, thirty-eight, or thirty-nine days; and even after thirty-three days traces may be found in the lens; but in three or four days no lithium may be detectable in the non-vascular textures.

"3. In man, carbonate of lithia, when taken in five or ten-grain doses, may appear in the urine in five to ten minutes if the stomach is empty, or twenty minutes if the stomach is full, and may continue to pass out for six, seven, or eight days. In two hours and a-half, traces may be in the crystalline lens, and in five or seven hours it may be present in every particle of the lens and in the cartilages. In thirty-six hours it may be very evident in the cartilages. And in seven days not the slightest trace may be detectable in the crystalline lens.

"4. Though in the solid and liquid food infinitesimal quantities of lithium may enter the body, usually no proof of their presence in the organs or secretions can be obtained."

"Lunar Influence on Temperature." By Mr. J. P. Harrison, communicated by the Rev. R. Main, F.R.S.

The tabulation of an unbroken series of thermometric observations for the several days of the lunation during fifty years having been completed up to November, 1864, and an amount of lunar action detected which appears sufficient to set at rest the long-voiced question of the moon's influence over our atmosphere, the author lays the results of the investigation before the Royal Society.

"In 1856 the frequent recurrence of higher temperatures about the eighth or ninth day of the moon's age, led to an examination and comparison of the mean temperatures of the third day before and the second day after first quarter of the moon, for a series of seven years at Chiswick, and sixteen years at Dublin. The results showed conclusively that the temperature of the second

day after first quarter was higher than the temperature of the third day before that phase during the years in question. On extending the investigation to the remaining days of the lunation, the maximum was found to occur, at both stations, at the period when heat was first observed, and the minimum after full moon and last quarter."

A tabulation of the mean temperatures of the 520 lunations between 1814 and 1856 has resulted in the complete confirmation of this phenomenon.

The author now submits confirmatory evidence, derived from a tabulation of mean temperature at Greenwich for the eight years, or 99 lunations, which have elapsed since the year 1856. The maximum mean temperature is again found in the first half of the lunation, at the moon's first quarter, and the minimum mean temperature in the second half of the lunation. The difference is $3^{\circ}.5$; the maximum is $51^{\circ}.7$ and the minimum $48^{\circ}.2$. The mean of the period is $49^{\circ}.56$.

The author thus explains the phenomenon:—

"The effects noticed cannot be due to any heat derived directly from the moon. Even if the experiments of Melloni and Bouvard—and, it may be added, the results obtained by Professor Piazz Smyth on Teneriffe—had not established it as a fact that no serviceable heat, dark or luminous, reaches the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere at the period of full moon, the results of the tabulation of mean temperatures at various stations and for different periods of time show that, with some remarkable exceptions (for which the author accounts), cold displays itself on the average in the second half of the lunation, and a higher temperature at first quarter—at the very time when it may be supposed that the moon has parted with the whole of the heat she has received from the sun, and her crust opposite the earth has not been subjected to the solar rays for a sufficiently long period for lunar radiant heat to exercise any thermal action, either direct or indirect, on our atmosphere. This being so, the concurrent results of investigations undertaken by eminent physicists in this and other countries point to a maximum of cloud, rain, and vapour-bearing winds in the first half of the lunation, when the curves indicate heat; * and a minimum of cloud and rain, with drier winds, in the second half of the lunation. It was not difficult, then, to connect the two phenomena—all gardeners being practically aware of the fact that heat is retained in the soil by the agency of cloud. Professor Tyndall has also shown that this is the case with respect to the aqueous vapour of the atmosphere.

"Whether the dispersion of Cloud is due to the Radiant Heat of the Moon. — As regards the degree of heat which is attained by the moon, Sir John Herschel estimates it as equal to the boiling point of water; and the same eminent person considers that the radiation of this heat would be sufficient to disperse cloud in the upper regions of the air.

"The estimate of the moon's heat appears to be that of our satellite at the period of opposition. But the maximum heat would not be attained until several days later; for, the moon always turning the same face to the earth, her crust directly opposite to us does not attain its greatest heat until last quarter, at which time not only will it have received the sun's rays for twice the number of days during which that surface had been heated at the time of opposition, but the adjoining region also (eastward of it), itself recently illuminated and heated for fourteen, thirteen, and twelve times the length of our day of twenty-four hours, although the sun's rays have passed from it, still radiates the heat that has been absorbed, and which it may be presumed has penetrated to a depth (according to the speed with which the moon is travelling) commensurate with the time of its exposure to the sun.

"Again, as regards the date of the minimum temperature of the moon, doubtless the absence of all atmosphere must greatly argument the action of lunar radiation; yet it is impossible to believe that the flood of heat poured upon the moon day and night for so many days together, without intermission, can be speedily dissipated. It would be more consistent with the analogy of terrestrial meteorology that the state of cold in the moon should be prolonged beyond the renewal of the sun's radiation, and consequently no heat from her crust reach the limits of our atmosphere at first quarter.

"It would be strictly according to analogy,

* The number of clear and cloudy days at Greenwich, during the seven years (1841–47) that bi-hourly observations were made at that station, also corresponds with the hot and cold periods at the station.

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also, if the length of time which the moon's surface-crust takes to attain its maximum heat were found to be greater than that which it takes in falling to its minimum. Now there appears some reason to believe that this is the case; and as the mean temperature of the year attains its maximum at Greenwich about the end of July (a considerable time after the summer solstice), and the day of minimum mean temperature occurs in the latter half of January (the intervals between the maximum and minimum, and the minimum and maximum, being as 5.5 to 6.5), so in the tables and curves of lunar temperature for forty-three and fifty years, a longer interval will be found between the day of maximum heat at the moon's first quarter, and the day of minimum heat of the last quarter, than between the days of minimum and maximum. Assuming, then, that the earth and the moon absorb heat equally (due allowance being made for the alternate diurnal action of solar and terrestrial radiation in the case of the earth, and the prolonged bi-monthly alternation of solar and lunar radiation in the case of the moon), if we consider the portion of the curve between the days of maximum and minimum as representing the period during which the temperature of the moon is increasing, and the portion of the curve between the days of minimum and maximum as the period during which the temperature of the moon is decreasing, the same causes operating in the case of both planets, there would appear to be actual evidence of similar effects."

May 11.—Dr. W. A. Miller, Treasurer and V.P., in the chair. The Croonian Lecture was delivered by Dr. Beale. The title was as follows: "On the Ultimate Nerve Fibres Distributed to Muscle, and some other Tissues; with Observations upon the Structure and Probable Mode of Action of a Nervous Mechanism." We shall return to this communication.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—June 15.—Dr. W. A. Miller, President, in the chair. Mr. G. B. Sweeting, King's Lynn, Norfolk, was elected a fellow.

Dr. Frankland gave an account of researches lately undertaken by Mr. Duppa and himself "On the Transformation of the Lactic into the Acrylic Series of Acids," according to which it was shown that leucic ether could be converted by the action of terchloride of phosphorus into ethyl-crotonic acid, the properties of which were described. The nature of the decompositions effected by the hydrate of potassa had likewise been studied in the cases of several members of the acrylic group. The scheme of nomenclature adopted by the authors was called in question by Mr. G. C. Foster, and led to the enunciation of a new system on the part of Dr. Frankland. —Mr. W. H. Perkin then read a paper "On the Action of Nascent Hydrogen on Azodinaphthyl-diamine," in which it was shown that two bases—viz., pyridine and naphthyl-diamine—were formed. The production of that first-named was interesting from the circumstance that the base in question had never before been obtained otherwise than by the process of destructive distillation. The formula of pyridine was exactly half that which expressed the composition of naphthyl-diamine, but all efforts directed to the splitting up of the latter substance had as yet been unsuccessful.—The titles of three papers received from Professor Church were announced, and the meeting was adjourned until after the recess.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—June 7.—Mr. W. J. Hamilton, President, in the chair.

The following communications were read: 1. "Note on *Ovibos moschatus*, Blainville." By M. E. Lartet, For. Memb. G.S. Translated by the late Mr. H. Christy, F.R.S.

A hoof phalange found by Mr. Christy and the author at one of their stations in the Gorge d'Enfer was stated to be identical in form and dimensions with the corresponding bone of the existing *Ovibos moschatus*, to which species M. Lartet therefore referred it. With it were found remains of *Ursus spelæus*, *Felis spelæa*, wolf, reindeer, and aurochs, as well as worked flints differing from those found in any other of the Dordogne caves. The author remarked that the Gorge d'Enfer is the most southern locality at which remains of *Ovibos moschatus* have yet been found, and is 15° south of its most southern limit at the present day; but the reindeer has been found by Mr. Christy and himself further south still—on the northern slope of the Pyrenees.

2. "On some Additional Fossils from the Lingula-flags." By Mr. J. W. Salter. With a Note on the Genus *Anopolenus*. By Mr. H. Hicks.

In a recent paper Mr. Salter described the new genus *Anopolenus* as a blind Trilobite allied to *Paradoxides*, without facial sutures or head-spines, and with truncate body-segments not produced into spinous appendages, as in most of its congeners. The remains of a new species, provided with extraordinary free cheeks, have proved that this conclusion was founded upon a part only of the head and of the body of the animal, which now appears to be more truly intermediate between *Paradoxides* and *Olenus* than was before supposed, while at the same time it presents characters opposed to those of either genus. Mr. Hicks gave a full description of the genus as now known, and of the new species, which he called *Anopolenus Salteri*. From his description it appears that *Anopolenus* possessed minute eyes, a facial suture, and expanded pleura, but that their arrangement was abnormal. In conclusion, Mr. Salter compared the two species of *Anopolenus* now known, stating that the one first described, without the more anterior of the two segments which compose the head, was to all appearance a perfect Trilobite. He also gave a figure of a new species of *Olenus*, *O. pecten*.

3. "On the Discovery of a New Genus of Cirripedia in the 'Wenlock Shale of Dudley.'" By Mr. H. Woodward.

The attention of the author having been called to two species of *Chiton* from the Wenlock Shale, described by M. de Koninck, he found one of them (*Chiton Wrightianus*) to be a Cirripede. He stated that the distinctive characters of *Chiton* are: (1) The valves never exceed eight in number; (2) the series is always unilinear; (3) the valves are always symmetrical, and divided into three areas. The species mentioned does not, however, conform to any of these characters, as it had probably as many as four rows of unsymmetrical plates, having no apophyses, a uniformly sculptured surface, and not divided into three areas; each series exceeded eight in number. Mr. Woodward then endeavoured to show that *Chiton Wrightianus* was really a Cirripede, and formed the type of a new genus, to which he gave the name of *Turpilepas*.

4. "On some New Species of Eurypterida." By Mr. H. Woodward.

In his advanced Text-book of Geology, Mr. Page figured and named the only known species (*S. Powriei*) of his new genus *Stylonurus*, but gave no description of it. Mr. Woodward now described the species in detail, from specimens found near Pitscandly, in the Turin Hill range, Forfarshire; he also gave a description of a new species (*S. Scoticus*) found in an Old Red Sandstone quarry in Montroman Muir, near the Forfar and Montrose Pike. Mr. Salter has expressed an opinion that *S. Powriei* is a full-grown male, and *S. Scoticus* a young female of the same species; but Mr. Woodward observed that if the sexes are not to be determined by the thoracic plates, but by more general characters, then the two forms of plates in *Slimonia* indicate two species of females, and the two forms in *Pterygotus minor* ought to indicate two species of males.

5. "On a New Genus of Eurypterida from the Lower Ludlow Rocks of Leintwardine, Shropshire." By Mr. H. Woodward.

In this paper Mr. Woodward described a crustacean alluded to by Mr. Salter in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History" for 1857, under the MS. name of *Limuloides*. It appears to form a connecting link between the *Xiphosura* and the *Eurypterida*, but it differs from the former in not having a cephalothorax—the cephalic, thoracic, and abdominal divisions being distinct, and apparently capable of separate flexure; and from the latter in having only three thoracic segments, &c. The name *Limuloides* not being allowable as a generic appellation, the author applied it to the species using the generic term *Hemiaspis*.

LONDON MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—June 19.—Professor De Morgan, President, in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members of the society: Professor Cayley, F.R.S., Sadlerian Professor in the University of Cambridge; Professor Sylvester, F.R.S., Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; Messrs. W. Spottiswoode, F.R.S., A. Ellis, F.R.S., T. Savage, C. E. Aikin, J. Foster, H. J. Purkiss Vice-Principal of the Royal School of Naval Architecture, H. R. Greer, R. P. Hardy, R. Knowles, S. Roberts, and E. Wagg.

The following papers were read:—"On the Regular Hypocycloidal Tricusp," by Mr. Jenkins. In this paper the author demonstrated, geometrically and analytically, the properties of the envelope of the line on which lie the

feet of perpendiculars on the sides of a triangle from any point of the circumscribing circle.

"On Newton's Method of Discovering the Imaginary Roots of an Equation," by Professor Sylvester. In this very remarkable and important paper the author described his newly-discovered method, which is far more general than that which Newton stated, but did not prove. The new rule is easily demonstrated, and, especially when combined with Fourier's rule, renders the search for roots more certain, by narrowing the ambiguous intervals. Professor Sylvester gave a very interesting account of the way in which he was led to the general method by trying to solve separately the general equations of various degrees. He was successful up to the eighth degree, but was led to the true method by a difficulty in the ninth degree.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—June 13.—Dr. J. E. Gray, F.R.S., in the chair. The Secretary exhibited a photograph of a pair of Gayals (*Bos frontalis*), intended for transmission to the Society by Mr. W. Dunn, of Akyab, Corr. Member, and made some remarks on several interesting living animals lately added to the Society's Menagerie. The Secretary also exhibited some specimens of a humming-bird, (*Helimaster angelæ*), transmitted to him by Dr. Burmeister, For. Member, and read some notes by Dr. Burmeister on the changes of plumage exhibited by this bird.—A paper was read by Professor Allman, F.R.S., "On the Characters and Affinities of *Potamogale*, a Genus of Insectivorous Mammals recently discovered in Western Africa." Professor Allman came to the conclusion that this singular form was more closely allied to *Solenodon* than to any other known genus, but that it presented such striking peculiarities as would render it necessary to regard it as the type of a new family of Insectivora, to which the name of *Potamogalidae* might be given.—Mr. W. H. Flower communicated a note on the Australian Cetacean, lately described by him in the Society's proceedings as *Orca meridionalis*; also a note on the Fin-Whale described by Dr. Gray in 1847 as *Physalus sibbaldii*, to which species he was now inclined to believe that the whale described by himself as *Physalus latirostris* must be referred.

Mr. Slater read a report on a small collection of Animals transmitted from Madagascar to the Society by Mr. J. Caldwell, Corr. Member, amongst which were a new species of Bat, described by Dr. Peters as *Nyctinomus (Mormopterus) jugularis*, and a new Crustacean, proposed by Mr. Spence Bate to be called *Astacus Caldwelli*, after its discoverer.—Dr. J. E. Gray communicated a revision of the mammals of the order Insectivora, founded on the specimens in the collection of the British Museum.—Mr. Wallace exhibited and pointed out the characters of twenty-one new species of birds discovered by him during his explorations in the Malay Archipelago. Eight of these were from Celebes, and the rest of them from Sumatra, Borneo, the Moluccas, and the New Guinea group.—A paper was read (by Mr. A. Butler, describing six new species of Diurnal Lepidoptera in the collection of the British Museum.—Mr. F. Moore communicated a list of the Diurnal Lepidoptera collected by Captain A. L. Lang in the North-Western Himalayas, together with notes by Captain Lang of the habits and localities of each species. Captain Lang's series was stated to contain 119 species, thirty of which were new to science.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—June 2.—Sir J. Boileau, V.-P., in the chair. He read a note he had received from Rome, announcing the formation in that city, among English residents and visitors, of an Archæological Society on the model of the Institute. Lord Talbot de Malahide, V.-P. of the Institute, had been elected President, and the Hon. H. Walpole, Dr. Smith, the British Consul, Mr. J. H. Parker, and Mr. Fortnum, Vice-Presidents. Lectures had already been given by Messrs. Hemans, Parker, and Wollaston. Thirty-five annual subscribers and numerous associates, or monthly members, constituted the present force of the society. The Marquis Camden, President, read a communication from the Secretary of the Science and Art Department of the Council of Education, informing him that objects of ancient art and antiquities would be exhibited at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867, and requesting his lordship to allow his name to be added to the commission. Lord Camden stated that he had assented. Mr. Beresford Hope mentioned that an admirable feature of the coming exhibition was to be a loan collection. He, as President of the Institute of British

Architects, had also been requested to join the commission, and should have much pleasure in doing so. Antiquities would occupy a prominent place at Paris, and the adhesion of the President of the Archæological Institute would, he was sure, greatly advance the objects contemplated by the Royal Commissioner.

Mr. C. Sprengel Greaves, Q.C., gave a description of the Greek inscriptions that had recently been discovered at Lesbos, and which was mentioned by Mr. Calvert in his paper read at the last meeting. General Leiray, F.R.S., contributed a notice of the excavation of a circular chamber in the Torwood, Stirlingshire, about five miles west of the Forth of Airth, and three miles north of the wall of Antoninus. Mr. Joseph Wilkinson gave an account of the discovery of Roman remains at Old Ford, Bow, and described the objects that have been excavated. Lieut.-Colonel Dundas, by whom the excavations were made, furnished drawings and photographs of the objects found. Sir Jervoise C. Jervoise, M.P., recalled attention to the subject of calcined flints found in detached heaps in the neighbourhood of Idsworth, Hants, and read extracts from Tyler's "Early History of Mankind," which showed that these heaps belonged to what he called the "stone boiling" period. He produced a chipped flint ($7\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ in.) found in one of those heaps which might tend to give a date to the "stone boiling" period, which extended from prehistoric to modern times in various parts of the world, and concluded his observations by expressing a hope that attention being now called to this curious subject, other facts would be discovered by archaeologists which would throw additional light on the history of the early inhabitants of our island. Mr. Octavius Morgan, M.P., gave an account of the process by which the reticulated or crackled china was made, and was of opinion that the calcined flints, or "milk stone," brought by Sir J. C. Jervoise, was produced by similar means.

Mr. B. T. Williams exhibited, on the part of the Hon. F. Greville, of Milford, a grant by Henry VIII., dated June 28th, 1549, of Slebyche, Pill (now Milford), and other properties in the county of Pembroke, and which had belonged to the late dissolved Hospital of St. John Jerusalem, in England. The Rev. Greville J. Chester exhibited a Jacobite ring, containing two miniatures, the Chevalier and his wife on the inside, and King George on the outside; two Hebrew MSS., one a copy of the song of Moses at the end of the book of Deuteronomy, the other a roll containing the Book of Esther; and a collection of Kabyle ornaments and charms of various dates. Sir J. C. Jervoise brought a beautiful enamelled posy ring, with the motto—"If love can merit, I shall inherit," found on his estate in Hants. Mr. Ashurst Majendie brought a portrait, on panel, of Charles I., said to be contemporary. Mr. Charles Keane exhibited the silver matrix of a seal, with the armorial bearings of the Sparrows and Ipswich family; and Mr. F. M. Good sent a series of admirable photographs of Corfe Castle, and other places, about to be visited by the Institute at its approaching meeting.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—*Anniversary Meeting, June 15.*—The following gentlemen were elected as the officers and council for the ensuing session, 1865-1866: *President:* Mr. W. S. W. Vaux, F.S.A. *Vice-Presidents:* Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen, Hon. D. C. L., F.R.S.; Mr. J. B. Berne, F.S.A. *Treasurer:* Mr. G. H. Virtue, F.S.A. *Secretaries:* Messrs. J. Evans, F.R.S., F.S.A., F. W. Madden. *Foreign Secretary:* Mr. J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A. *Librarian:* Mr. J. Williams, F.S.A. *Members of the Council:* Messrs. T. J. Arnold, Rev. Churchill Babington, S. Birch, F.S.A., F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., W. Freudenthal, J. G. Grenfell, B. V. Head, J. Lee, LL.D., F.R.S., Rev. A. Pownall, R. Whitbourn, F.S.A.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, JUNE 26.

BRITISH ARCHITECTS, at 8.—9 Conduit Street, Hanover Square.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, at 3.—South Kensington. 1. "On Rafflesia Arnoldi;" Mr. James Bateman. 2. "On Various New and Rare Plants;" Rev. M. J. Berkeley, F.L.S.

ETHNOLOGICAL, at 8.—4 St. Martin's Place. "Report on the Indian Tribes Inhabiting the Country in the Vicinity of the 49th Parallel of North Latitude;" Captain Wilson.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL, at 8.30.—53 Berners Street, Oxford Street.

ZOOLOGICAL, at 8.30.—11 Hanover Square. 1. "On the Fossil Pigmy Elephant of Malta;" Mr. G. Buak, F.R.S. 2. "On the Australian Sperm Whale;" Mr. W. H. Flower, F.R.S.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, at 4.—John Street, Adelphi. Anniversary.

ART.

LANDSCAPES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

TAKEN altogether, as combinations of landscape and figures, Mr. Hook's works are at once the most true and the most agreeable pictures in the Exhibition. They derive little of their interest from the localities they represent; and the pleasure they afford, alike to cultivated artists and to those who have no special knowledge of art, is caused by the truthfulness with which the great facts of relief and colour in nature are represented. The four subjects contributed by Mr. Hook are derived from the coast of Brittany. Though we find his manner of painting unchanged, there is a marked improvement in the rendering of space and light; the sea is no longer, as in some of his earlier works, an upright semi-transparent wall, but a spacious body of water, full of motion, and glinting with light. The improvement is most marked in "The Breton Fishermen's Wives" (40), where the relief of the women's figures against the sea is very successfully rendered; and in "The Seaweed Gatherer" (567), where the imitation of the green untroubled sea is to be remarked as the most successful example of naturalistic painting in the Exhibition.

Mr. Mason is another painter who combines figures with landscape with unusual success. Only within the last year or two has the public eye been turned to his work, and noted him as a painter of mark. He is distinguished among the landscape painters of the day by his noble treatment of ordinary scenery. A commonplace subject to others is not commonplace to him; by virtue of a poetic faculty, which extracts the elements of beauty from the most unpromising scenery, and finds interest attaching to the most trivial occupations, he is able to invest the representation of moorland scenery and cottage children with the dignity of history painting. If any one desires to see the real importance of what is called "treatment" in painting, he cannot do better than study the picture called "The Gander" (31). The subject is commonplace enough—two children driving back a gander that is cackling and hissing at them—but the way in which this little story is told turns it into a poem. Other examples may be noted in the smaller pictures called "The Geese" (229), and "The Cast Shoe" (240), where the impression made upon the artist's mind has been so reproduced as to arrest our attention, and make us aware that a new and uncommon landscape painter is working among us—one who holds fast to the thought he wants to express, and whose study of nature never descends to that mere imitation of details, which is fatal to all right subordination of parts to the whole, and buries the thought in the language which should give it life.

Stanfield, the greatest among our pure landscape painters, exhibits two pictures—"The Bass Rock" (96), covered with wildfowl and surrounded by wreck, and "The Vale of Narni" (128). This painter still maintains his high position, and in the former picture we may see how a rock that is by no means grand in form may be made a subject of interest in the hands of an artist who can paint the story of the sea as it is shown to us in this picture, with all the scattered evidences of its power, by which the neighbourhood of "the Bass" is made so dangerous to seafaring people. Creswick has done well this year in his two larger pictures, "The Village Smithy" (117) and "Changeable Weather" (221). The latter picture is an excellent representation of a mill on the coast, with a broken suspicious-looking sea in front of it, and a windy sky overhead. F. R. Lee, another Academician, has but one picture of interest, and that is partly extrinsic, the subject being "Garibaldi's Residence at Caprera." There is, however, much able painting in this picture, which cannot be said of the artist's other contributions, which distract the eye everywhere by their crudeness of colour and conventional style.

The four Linnells are each represented by a single picture. The father and founder of this school of painters has shown how possible a thing it is to reduce the art of painting to a certainty of practice that renders it to a great extent a manufacture. The sons now paint so like the father that it is difficult to tell the work of one Linnell from that of another. The Williamses furnish us with another example of the same kind. The paintings of this very able family of workmen are hardly to be distinguished from each other. In each of these instances, the elder painter and teacher is the best artist of the family; but, as the subject is

an interesting one, as regards a general system of art teaching, these instances are severally valuable as showing the possibility of bringing to a high state of cultivation natural powers of an ordinary kind. There is little doubt, we should apprehend, than an original mind would soon break from the trammels of the school, and, strong with all its experience and practice, strike out upon new ground for itself. In the case of the Linnells, it is true, we have not this evidence; each of the son's pictures is a somewhat feeble repetition of the father's: excellent works, but just so much under the influence of the conventional manner of the school, as to prove the absence of the original power which can seize upon the experience of others and apply it to new combinations. The "Reapers" (337), by J. Linnell, sen., is a finely-composed landscape. The figures sleeping in the shadow of the wheatsheaves aid in carrying out the idea of heat, and rest, and plenty, suggested by the harvest field; it is not merely a representation of a corn-field and figures, but a picture in a larger sense; and it belongs to a class of works now exceedingly rare among our modern landscape painters.

The landscapes in this exhibition are, indeed, far from being what they should be, whether we look to the past, when Constable and Cox headed the school, or to the present generation of landscape painters in France, who are establishing a school that already surpasses our own. There is so much of mere imitation, so little of that art which is displayed by Mr. Mason, of whose contributions we have already spoken, that, instead of pictures, we have for the most part only transcripts of facts; very ably rendered it is true, but utterly lacking that interest which knowledge of art alone can impart. If we take, for example, such work as Mr. Brett's "Morant's Court in May" (137), an admirably manipulated work, or Mr. Carrick's "Maritime Alps" (480), we find only a collection of parts, each of which has equal prominence, and which altogether are neither harmonized nor subordinated to any expression of the artist's mind. They are types of a large class of landscapes in the exhibition, many of which indicate the presence of great ability in their authors. Among these Mr. H. Moore and Mr. Mawley stand out as very able artists; and we may take the landscape "Near Hartland Abbey, North Devon" (51), Mr. Moore's single contribution, and many of Mr. Mawley's works, to be the most promising landscapes in the gallery. Mr. Oakes is more than a painter of promise: he has made great advances every year, and in the direction of more thoughtfulness, which is not shown in less care for the rendering of facts, but in a wiser arrangement of them. His picture of "Dunnotar Castle" (541) is a fine work, and deserved a better place than it has found upon the walls. Mr. Anthony is also a vigorous and thoughtful painter, with much of the force, but without the insight, of Constable. Mr. Leader has a clever picture, "Autumn's Last Gleam" (317), which is clearly the work of a man who has carefully studied the branch of art he has taken up. Mr. Vicat Cole has a similar picture of "Spring" (460), but it lacks the repose and executive power displayed in Mr. Leader's work.

There is no picture in the Exhibition that has met with more just and general approval than Mr. Davis's large composition of "The Strayed Herd" (560). Mr. Davis has now freed himself from the influence of a small style, acquired by painting pictures of one size, and the same subject constantly repeated. He has always been one of the most conscientious of modern landscape painters. By this picture he makes a fair bid to be one of the greatest. Whether we look to the drawing of the cattle, by which the lost wandering character of beasts who have quitted their pasture-ground is so well rendered, or to the true effect of sunlight and shade over the sandy downs, the picture must be acknowledged to be one of the most effective and promising works ever produced by a young English painter.

M. Migrot still paints Eastern subjects. We are becoming rather tired of this painter's "Evening in the Tropics;" for, although the effect is doubtless very gorgeous, and the painter's ability to represent whatever he attempts is unquestionable, yet we have had so many of these pictures, both in the Royal Academy and in the British Institution, that we should be pleased to see his interpretation of European scenery, if only for a change. Mr. MacCallum's large picture of "Rome" (383) is too violent in colour. The Roman sunset is perhaps the most glorious effect to be seen in Europe—the most intense

and the most delicate. Mr. MacCallum has missed the delicacy, and the chief effect produced by his crimson sky is to put out poor Mr. Lucy's quiet picture hung next to it, of "Garibaldi at the Tomb of Ugo Foscolo." One of the most agreeable landscapes in the exhibition is Mr. Bottomley's study of some cattle crossing a stream, called "Under the Cloud" (453.) This is a quietly-painted, honest picture, and, as far as we remember, the best work the painter has executed; far better than those he painted in conjunction with Creswick some years back.

Mr. E. W. Cook contributes only one work, which is hung in the North Room, a famous picture of "A Dutch Beurtman aground on the Terschelling Sand, after a Snow Storm" (595). This may be taken also as one of the few pictures of which we may be proud as the work of an English artist. Mr. Naish follows Mr. Hook, but at a great distance. He is an able and conscientious painter, and capable of doing great things; he does not mean to imitate Mr. Hook, but his pictures this year invite a comparison; and as Hook is much stronger than usual, the comparison is not a favourable one. Mr. Naish's works, however, should be studied for their own sake, and they will be found to bear the test of a searching criticism. Mr. Hemy has produced two small pictures of great merit, one especially, "The Lone Sea Shore" (345), where a great cliff has been drawn with much fidelity and unusual success; for, while all the geological appearances which mark its surface have been delineated, the general size of the mass has been preserved.

MUSIC.

MEDEA.

[Second Notice.]

"MEDEA" is an opera to be seen and heard, not read and written about. Instead of writing any more about the performance at Her Majesty's, we are half inclined to content ourselves with saying to our readers, Go and see it. Not that it offers no point for criticism, but that its merits and defects are so plain as to make criticism superfluous. To enlarge upon its splendours (to those who are likely to see and hear for themselves) is as unnecessary as to point out its inequalities. Music and play are both grandly simple; and the shortcomings in the execution are of a kind which must strike every listener, and which it is of no use to dilate upon. But a little must be said, be it only for record's sake, of a performance so signally remarkable. Of Mdle. Titiens' share in it we have already given our first impressions: another hearing has only strengthened them. Without doubt her impersonation of the vengeful deserted wife is the grandest thing yet achieved by any singer of this generation. There is probably only one other artist living who could have so presented the heroine of this terrible story. Madame Grisi, in the plenitude of her power, would have given us a picture not less grand, perhaps even more pathetic. Mdle. Cravelli might possibly have made it as intensely passionate, had her physical power sufficed for it. We know of no other singer who could have ventured on the part, much less succeeded in it. Perhaps it was prudence that kept Madame Grisi from trying it; for much singing of such music as Cherubini's—and this is the great vice of the work—would have soon ruined her beautiful voice, robust as it was. The effect which Mdle. Titiens produces is a happy example of the value of force, where there is intelligence to direct it. In neither her singing nor her acting is there much play of dramatic feeling. She has not any variety of vocal resource, any more than mobility of feature. Delicate shades of colouring no impersonation of hers can have, be it ever so vigorous. But there are times where power is the one thing wanted, where the idea to be worked out is simple, but where the scale is vast; where the shades of emotion are few, but where these few have to be painted with intense force. Such a character is *Medea*, simple in outline, colossal in style. A pale rendering of her would be intolerable. She has only two phases of feeling; she is first the suppliant, afterwards the avenger; and even her suppliant mood is darkened by the shadow of the coming vengeance. Here Mdle. Titiens is at home. Her pathos, indeed, is no peculiar gift. Most women who have any feeling at all can be pathetic, and entreaty is to all women the most natural of utterances. But her force, her intensity of feeling, her vehemence, her earnestness, her power of launching into a torrent of passion—in these things she is well nigh unmatched, and in the

physical resources which give effect to these qualities she is wholly unrivalled. Power is a thing which the world is always ready enough to recognise—never more so than when it comes in the simple shape of physical force; and this lady's physical force has made her to be extolled as a great singer, when, in fact, she is not one, and never could be one, without learning her art over again from its first beginning; but in denying her this merit, we are bound all the more to recognise the splendid qualities which she really has. For the *Medea* of Cherubini has need of more than a strong voice. This she must have—of a strength, indeed, almost superhuman; but to present such a character, as Mdle. Titiens does, as a living, breathing creature, to keep her before you pleading, praying, threatening, denouncing, suffering, through scene after scene of such a tragedy as this, needs an amount of intellectual or rather moral energy which deserves to be called genius. *Medea* is a poetical ideal, and none but a poetic soul could give it with the noble simplicity and the largeness of conception which distinguishes this great actress's performance. The reality of her representation is wonderful. The moment she comes upon the stage she makes her presence felt. The betrothal of *Jason* to his new love, *Dirce*, has been going on, the oath has been taken, the father's invocation said, the chorus has sung its rejoicings, when of a sudden, in the middle of this bright scene, appears a mystic veiled figure. The veil drops; it is *Medea*!—the wronged wife, the sorceress, come to have her rights or her revenge. Her presence seems to freeze up the rejoicings, and fill the air with the feeling that something tremendous is going to happen. From this point onward one thinks of nothing and no one but this woman. The rest of the people are but the scenery of the piece. So again in the last act, monstrous and terrible as is the subject, the *Medea* is so real, that the scene seems to be passing actually before us. Here, indeed, the music is quite overpowering, and it would be impossible to say how much of the effect is due to the individual power of the actress. But Mdle. Titiens' acting in this scene is certainly the finest of her efforts. We can recollect nothing more impressive on any stage than that figure of the fugitive wife and mother coming down the mountain, through the darkness and the storm, played upon by lightnings, and nothing in music more grand than her outpouring of her misery, her lament over her children, rising into the passionate cry to the "Father of the afflicted ones":—

Dio immortal! Padre agli afflitti!

and then her last struggle with herself, in mad doubt who and what she is—"Son io *Medea*?"—a struggle hideously ended by the dagger-stroke and the ride to Hades in the furies' car. Music such as this puts the hearer almost into the condition of a child listening to a ghost story. The thing is so awful and so absorbing, that when the curtain falls and the lights flash up again, and the terrible creature in the crimson robe comes and smiles her acknowledgments of the applause, we are relieved to find that it was not all true. Any one who doubts, as we may reasonably doubt, after the amount of nonsense which comes upon the opera stage, whether there really be such a thing as grand musical tragedy, should see this piece. We hope indeed that such a genuine triumph will induce the management to produce some more specimens of the classical drama. The "*Iphigenias*" or the "*Alceste*" of Gluck would be welcomed by an audience which can enjoy the "*Medea*."

There is little to be said of the artists who fill the minor characters in "*Cherubini's*" opera. All are efficient, with one exception, and this exception is perhaps excusable, for we understand that the part in question, *Dirce*, was one which it was found hard to fill. Miss Laura Harris, to whom it is given, is a young lady who ought to be still in the singing school. She is manifestly very young, and her voice has still the sharp, rasping quality peculiar to early girlhood. It is mere cruelty to put a little person of such tender years upon the stage. Her voice is scarcely heard across the theatre, and her appearance as the betrothed bride of a rather tall *Jason* is little short of grotesque. Her singing, nevertheless, shows real talent, which, but for the mismanagement of foolish friends, might some day produce good fruit. Herr Gunz is the *Jason*, and sings the part in the solid, respectable, and rather dull German manner which a remembrance of his *Florestan* would suggest. The part, however, is a very thankless one; the traitorous husband is just in the place of *Pollio* in "*Norma*": he has

to listen as he best may to the terrible denunciations of his wife, and can but look guilty and miserable. The part of *Creon* gives Mr. Santley the opportunity for some magnificent singing, especially in the "invocation" in the first act. His delivery of this is as stately and imposing as the music—more one could not say. Mdle. Sinico is more than satisfactory in the part of *Neris*, *Medea's* companion in her wanderings: the chief point in it is a beautifully plaintive air, with a singular accompaniment for bassoon obligato. Mdle. Noya and Mdle. Redi take two minor characters. The most important part, however, musically speaking, next to that of *Medea*, is filled by the chorus. This branch of the operatic force is in a condition which entitles the management to the highest praise. The tone is magnificent, and its training excellent. Some of the ensembles—that, for instance, of the sacrifice and the wedding—produce effects which may fairly challenge comparison with the best that has been done in this kind on any stage. The choir's only fault is that of singing sometimes too energetically. In a theatre so resonant the combined effect of a chorus and band, both so powerful, is, at times, an excess of loudness. But a little more discipline should correct this fault.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MR. BENEDICT'S concert, which is a sort of "Derby-day" of the fashionable section of the musical world, and may be said to mark the culmination of the concert season, happened on Wednesday last. It was his thirtieth (!) anniversary of the kind, and presented the usual wonderful assemblage of executive talent. As there has lately been a very justifiable outcry against another class of monster concerts, it is less a matter of course than it was to say that Mr. Benedict's annual *fête* is a really good institution of its kind, fulfilling a reasonable, though not a very high, purpose. For those who want to hear, at the smallest expenditure of time, and we may add of money, all the musical celebrities of the moment, nothing can be better than such a concert as this. Its arrangement is excellent; every one that is advertised appears—Mr. Sims Reeves' absence on Wednesday may be fairly called the exception which proves the rule—and the programme is actually performed. The most interesting novelty sung during the latter half of the concert, of which only we can speak, was a trio out of the funny opera of "*Crispino e il Comare*," by the Brothers Ricci, the production of which was one of the hits of the late Italian season in Paris. This was given with much humour by Signori Agnesi, Scalese, and Bossi.

By the time this column is being read, the Handel Festival will have, in effect, commenced by Friday's great rehearsal. There will be plenty to report next week of this series of grand musical ceremonies. For the present, we will only say, for the benefit of such as have not been to the like celebrations in previous years, that whoever does not go, misses the hearing of many wonderful musical effects, which, once heard, do not easily fade from the memory. It may be not amiss to add, as a matter of practical importance, that the arrangements of the three concerts, assuming them to be the same as in previous years, will be as good as they can possibly be. Notwithstanding the vastness of the audiences, the music is heard in the most perfect comfort. The vast space of the Crystal Palace gives three advantages unknown to other places of assembly—fresh air, plenty of sitting room, and perfect ease of access.

MADAME SCHUMANN played her last for this season in London at the Musical Union *Matinée* of Tuesday. Often as the C minor trio of Mendelssohn has been heard in our concert-rooms, it probably was never played more grandly than at this meeting. The "Queen of Pianists"—she well deserves the title—had Messrs. Joachim and Piatti for her companions.

MUSIC FOR NEXT WEEK.

JUNE 26 to JULY 1.

MONDAY.—Handel Festival, "Messiah."

TUESDAY.—Musical Union *Matinée*, St. James's Hall, 3.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY.—Handel Festival, Selection. Musical Society's Last Concert, St. James's Hall, 3.30 p.m.

THURSDAY.—Mdle. Paule Girard's Concert, Egyptian Hall. Miss Augusta Manning's *Soirée*, 31 Craven Hill Gardens.

Mr. Leslie's Choir, St. James's Hall, 8 p.m.

FRIDAY.—Handel Festival, "Israel."

SATURDAY.—Concert for benefit of Signor Giuglini.

OPERAS.—Covent Garden, "*Norma*," "*Faust*," &c.Her Majesty's, "*Sonnambula*," "*Medea*," &c.

24 JUNE, 1865.

THE DRAMA.

A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE OLYMPIC.

THERE is an anecdote related of Edmund Kean, which gives a more vivid idea of the actor's power and manner than the most minute and elaborate description. The story is told of an incident which occurred one night during the performance of "Macbeth," in the scene where the King, on perceiving the entrance of the "first murderer," who comes fresh from the slaughter of *Banquo*, sharply turns from the nobles with whom he is speaking, and says aside to the assassin, "There's blood upon thy face." The prompt answer of the assassin, as need scarcely be told, is "'Tis *Banquo's*, then;" but on the occasion alluded to Kean hissed out his words in such a terribly sudden and natural way that the poor minor actor who was performing the murderer, and who had probably been accustomed to hear the line drawled in a sepulchral monotone, was fairly startled out of all recollection of his part and of stage propriety, and exclaimed "Is there by Jove," believing for the moment that he had come before the audience with a bleeding nose, or some such disfigurement. This story has generally been considered to show how wonderful was the verisimilitude and earnestness of Kean's acting—how perfect his mastery of his art. It has been thought that to be so real as to deceive a practised actor, whilst uttering the very words which that actor came on the stage expecting to hear, was a proof of skill which could hardly be surpassed, and which has but very rarely been approached. It would seem that this is entirely wrong; that, if Kean's speech was so abrupt and natural as to startle his unlucky subordinate, Kean acted very badly; that he was a great deal too natural; that he should have idealized his manner so as to resemble, not a real man seeing another, and instantly saying to him "There's blood upon thy face," but a kind of typical or ideal king, saying such a thing to a typical or ideal murderer, in a typical and ideal way.

Such, at least, is the deduction fairly to be drawn from the rules laid down in certain critical dissertations on the art of acting, which a vigorous writer, under the signature of "L.," contributed a short time ago to the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

This gentleman does not allude to the story of Kean which has been quoted, but he refers to a very similar instance of reality in acting; and it must be said that, in support of his theory, he fairly takes the bull by the horns. His undertaking being to prove that natural acting is a great mistake, he cites the well-known passage in Fielding which describes the effect of Garrick's acting upon Partridge. Most people must remember the words which Fielding puts into Partridge's mouth, on seeing the great actor as *Hamlet*—"If that little man there on the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life." "He the best player, why I could act as well myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did." Upon this the critic, who has no exaggerated respect for great names, observes that if Garrick really played in this way, Garrick was a foolish and vulgar performer; and that if Fielding really admired him for it, Fielding was nearly as silly as Garrick.

The reasons for this remarkable opinion are very shortly given. "The melancholy, sceptical prince in the presence of his father's ghost must have felt a tremulous and solemn awe, but cannot have felt the vulgar terror of a vulgar nature." "The manner of a frightened Partridge can never have been at all like the manner of *Hamlet*." "It is obvious that the naturalness required from *Hamlet* is very different from the naturalness of a Partridge; and Fielding made a great mistake in assimilating the representation of Garrick to the nature of a serving-man." Ordinary people might find some difficulty in attaining the certainty which "L." has on this subject. Very few men are so fortunate as to know a prince; fewer still have had the advantage of meeting ghosts; it is, therefore, difficult for most of us to realize so definitely as "L." does, what the manner of a prince towards a ghost would be. But the rather positive critic may be assumed to be right. Probably, if a ghost walked into Marlborough House, the manner of the Prince of Wales towards the intruder would be very different from that of the footman. Allowing the truth of what "L." says, it would seem to common-place minds that his remarks do not in the least

take away from the justness of Fielding's appreciation of Garrick. It may still be thought by superficial readers that the novelist does not say or imply, or desire it to be implied, that Garrick, when as *Hamlet* he met the ghost, behaved in the same way as Partridge would have done had he met a real ghost; but that what the writer means, as is obvious to anyone not resolute for a paradox, is, that Garrick so acted as to leave on Partridge's mind the impression of dread, and that this was done in so exquisitely natural and forcible a manner, that Partridge, being a simple person, at last actually thought that the actor before him was really frightened; and that when Fielding made the serving-man talk of the great actor's doing exactly what he, the serving-man, would have done, the writer's obvious intention was to show the effect of Garrick's acting upon a childish and uneducated nature. It is a good thing to have such foolish notions eradicated, and many must feel grateful to "L." when he so modestly and thoughtfully explains how that incompetent actor, Garrick, "failed," and "relapsed into vulgarity," and how that undiscerning judge, Fielding, made "a great mistake." But to the names of these two impostors should be added those of others who have believed that good acting is intensely simple and natural. Kean, as has already been shown, must have been a believer in this heresy; and Shakespeare certainly was, as the directions to the players in *Hamlet* very clearly prove; so that shallow observers such as Fielding and others have the satisfaction of being damned in good company.

In justice to "L.," however, it should be stated that he does not altogether object to natural acting, but only to acting which follows nature very closely. Being a writer who constructs as well as destroys, he explains what real dramatic art is. An actor should "impress an idealized image on the spectator's mind;" he should "use natural expressions, but he must sublimate them," whatever that may mean; his utterance must be "measured, musical, and incisive; his manner typical and pictorial." Well, this may be all of it exceedingly just, and the writer should congratulate himself on the nature of the art which is now cultivated at London theatres. The performers may not come up to his standard, but it is satisfactory to think that their aim is in the right direction. No one will ever accuse Mr. Phelps or Mr. Creswick, or Miss Helen Faucit, of being too natural. These artists certainly have a highly idealized style. Their utterance may not be musical, but it is measured and incisive—with a vengeance. On the French stage, things are less satisfactory. Many of the leading actors there have a foolish hankering after nature. The silly people who think that French acting is sometimes admirable, and that English acting is generally execrable, should correct their opinions by studying the canons of a higher criticism; for the Paris actors have essentially shallow views of their art. Got, in that marvellous passage in "Le Duc Job," which has made grey-haired men cry like children, is much in error. He merely behaves just as a warm-hearted man would behave on suddenly receiving the news of a dear friend's death; and this has been thought to make his performance so intensely touching. But it is quite wrong; his language is not "measured, musical, and incisive," his manner decidedly not "typical and pictorial." Samson, with his satirical *bonhomie* in "Le Fils de Giboyer," has been much admired, because, having to act the *Marquis d'Auberive*, he was so precisely like a French nobleman of the old régime. His business, he should have learnt, was not to resemble a real marquis, but to "impress the idealized image" of a marquis upon the spectator's mind. The terrible reality of Delannay's acting in the last scene of "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour" has made many spectators shudder; but then it is so perfectly natural, the expressions are not the least "sublimated."

It is to be regretted that performers whose eminent talent must be admitted, should have such mistaken views of their art; how much might they have learnt by a visit last season to Drury Lane, where a highly ideal style of acting certainly prevailed. But it is to be feared that they are incorrigible; and that, with others of the same ideas—such as Provost and Regnier in France, or Emile Devrient and Daxen in Germany—they will continue to adhere to that school of acting in which nature is carefully and closely followed, and in which small attention is paid to "idealized impressions." The worst is, that foolish people, who think that they have carefully studied dramatic art, will

probably continue to admire the tame impersonations of these artists, and will persist in saying that the quiet pathos of the great foreign actors is often profoundly touching, their tranquil humour amusing beyond description, but that the turgid and mouthy style of most English performers deprives poetry of all beauty, representation of all truth; and, further, will perhaps add, that few things are more painful than the nonsense which an exceedingly clever man may write about an art with which he has no real sympathy, to which he has ceased to give any serious thought.

The remarks of our dramatic critics are not usually worthy of much attention. They may be the productions of men of highly-cultivated minds, but anyone who takes the trouble to read them and to go to the theatres can hardly fail to see that they are written chiefly with a view to making things pleasant for actors and managers; indeed, they are frequently contributed by dramatic authors. With "L.," of course, the case is widely different. Whatever may be thought of the value of his remarks, there can be no doubt that they are perfectly sincere and independent, not dictated by the wish to please certain friends; and those who take an interest in theatrical affairs can only regret that so accomplished and impartial a writer should have endeavoured to discourage the few actors, now upon our stage, who are capable of giving pleasure to educated men.

The Olympic Theatre is now the only one in London where an attempt is made to obtain something like a good *ensemble*; to have all the principal characters filled by good, or, at all events, respectable performers. But, nevertheless, this establishment has been of late singularly unfortunate, and the last play brought out there has had no better luck than those which preceded it. "Twelfth Night," the production of which was noticed in THE READER of June 10, has not proved a success; even the easily-pleased critics do not approve of it. But critics who are able to admire the manner in which Shakespeare was performed at Drury Lane, can hardly be expected to appreciate the absence of exaggeration, and the natural and unobtrusive style of some of the actors at this house. There is, however, much in the performance to please those whose taste has not become incurably vulgar. Undoubtedly, there are very considerable faults. *Viola* and *Sebastian* are performed by one actress; a very clumsy means of avoiding the difficulty usually experienced in making the brother and sister sufficiently alike. The part of the *Fool* is given to an actress—an obvious mistake; *Malvolio* is played by a performer who has to learn the difference between humour and buffoonery, and the stage arrangements, especially in the garden scene, are inexcusably bad. But despite these drawbacks—and they are not small—it may fairly be said that for some years past no play of Shakespeare's has been so well acted in London. It is something to see *Viola*, *Olivia*, *Maria*, *Sir Andrew*, *Sir Toby*, and *Fabian* all well played—the four first, indeed, so well that they could hardly be better.

It is only just to direct special attention to the *Maria* of Miss Foote and the *Sir Andrew* of Mr. Horace Wigan. Very few actresses could impersonate the first of these characters in so genial and mirthful a manner, and at the same time with such perfect freedom from exaggeration. The foolish knight is also admirably presented. Never was a more utterly dull and vacant *Sir Andrew*. He gets drunk, exceedingly drunk, but only becomes the more heavy and stolid; he enters into the plot against *Malvolio* but never quite understands it, and while the others are laughing over the poor steward's antics, his perplexed stare indicates principally bewilderment. But the performance is best described by that familiar passage in which Charles Lamb speaks of the *Sir Andrew* at whom he had laughed in his youth. "You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation." "A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time communicating it to the remainder."

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